# The Relief Society Magazine

February
1928

Vol. XV
No. 2

YOU MAY POSSESS
FINE JEWELS

Fine jewels, that delight your heart and brighten your life, are within your reach at Boyd Park.

We can arrange a convenient account, and you will find prices much lower than you believed possible.

BOYD PARK
JEWELERS
166 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY
FOR THREE GENERATIONS

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

Winter Excursion Fares

VIA SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

To LOS ANGELES AND RETURN BOTH WAYS via SAN FRANCISCO ..... $50.50

To LOS ANGELES via SAN FRANCISCO returning direct or route reversed ..... $58.00

Proportionately low fares from all other points in UTAH, IDAHO and MONTANA. STOPOVERS ALLOWED AT ALL POINTS.

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY
FINAL RETURN LIMIT 8 MONTHS

For further information CALL, WRITE or PHONE

PRESS BANCROFT, GENERAL AGENT

41 SO. MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY

PHONES WAS. 3008—3078

The more you have—the more you have need for

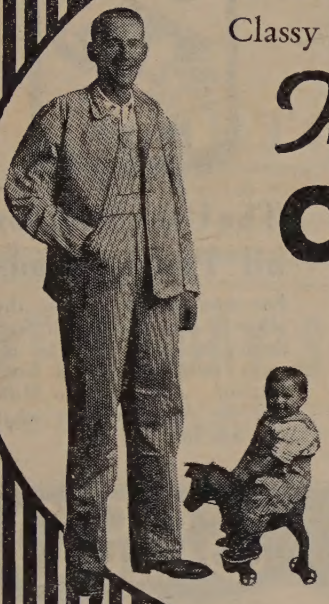
INSURANCE

Protect what you have by insuring it. Buy sound insurance. Let us explain the value of a policy in the Utah Home Fire Insurance Company.

UTAH HOME-FIRE INSURANCE CO.

HEBER J. GRANT & CO., General Agents, Salt Lake City, Utah

An Overall with a
Classy Appearance



Mountaineer
EXPRESS STRIPE
OVERALLS

GUARANTEED FOR QUALITY,
FIT, AND SERVICE

A clean, neat appearing garment for the Store Clerk, the Flower Mill Operator, the Dairyman, the Garage Man, the Teamster.

None Too Large
None Too Small

Z C M I

WE are very careful in selecting our advertisers. They are thoroughly reliable and we recommend them to our readers when making purchases in the various lines of goods they carry.

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE
*Management.*

# L. D. S. GARMENTS

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

You are guaranteed *unusual* wear and satisfaction from Cutler Garments. Return them for full refund if they do not give this required service. Cutler Underwear has maintained the highest standard of quality for over twenty years.

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 68 Lt. wt. ladies' new style | $ .75 |
| No. 74 Lt. weight combed | 1.15 |
| No. 64 Medium weight | 1.45 |
| No. 76 Lt. weight lisle | 1.45 |
| No. 62 Medium heavy | 1.70 |
| No. 61 Med. hvy. unbleached with double back | 1.70 |
| No. 56 Heavy weight | 2.15 |
| No. 27 Med. heavy, ½ wool | 3.35 |
| No. 39 Extra heavy, ½ wool | 3.85 |

Please state whether for men or women—new or old style
Postage prepaid

**Pay Cash—Cash Pays**

**Cutler's**
**36 So Main** Service Since 1877

## The Utah Milk for all People Leads

For many usese it takes the place of *cream* at about one-third the cost. It is always safe, pure and convenient. *Ask for Sego Milk* and be sure you get what you ask for.

SEGO MILK

# A Wonderful Offer for February Only!

A beautiful first quality Hotpoint Waffle Iron, with handsome set of finest china—an 8-piece waffle service you will be proud to own.

*See it at our store*

Take advantage of this opportunity NOW, and enjoy the deliciousness of HOT WAFFLES!

## 50c Down

Puts this great combination in your home.

## Utah Power & Light Co.

*Efficient Public Service*

# L. D. S. GARMENTS

When ordering, state Size, New or Old Style, and if for man or lady. Postage prepaid in U. S. Sample on request.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 142 | Light Weight, Flat | $ .95 | |
| 204 | Double Carded Cotton, Rib | 1.35 | |
| 32 | Combed Cotton, Lt. Wt. | 1.50 | |
| 222 | Cotton, Rayon Striped | 1.65 | |
| 252 | Cotton Bleached, Med. Wt. | 1.75 | |
| 744 | Unbleached, Med. Hvy. | 1.85 | |
| 753 | Bleached, Med. Hvy. | 1.95 | |
| 622 | Mercerized Lisle, Lt. Wt. | $2.15 | |
| 902 | Unbleached, Ex. Hvy. | 2.50 | |
| 1072 | Super Wool Mixed Shrunk | 4.00 | |
| 244 | Swiss Rib, Lisle and Silk Rayon, New Style | 2.25 | |
| | Ladies' hosiery, new shades 3 pair | 1.00 2.75 | |

## BARTON & CO.

**Established in Utah 45 Years**

**142 WEST SOUTH TEMPLE ST.** **Salt Lake City, Utah**

# LATTER-DAY SAINT GARMENTS

**At Factory-to-Customer Prices**

**The following numbers are made in old or new style for either Men or Women**

1 Ribbed light weight cotton, with Rayon silk stripe. An excellent ladies' number....$1.25

2 Ribbed light weight cotton. Our standard summer weight ....$1.25

3 Ribbed medium weight cotton bleached. Our all season number ....$1.65

4 Ribbed heavy weight, unbleached cotton. Our double back number ....$2.25

5 Part wool, ribbed, unbleached. Our best selling wool number....$3.00

6 High grade Rayon Tricosham silk. For particular people ....$4.00

7 Pure worsted wool with Silkine Mercerized cotton. Our best medium winter number ....$5.75

8 Ribbed heavy weight, unbleached cotton and wool. Our 50% wool number....$5.75

9 Ribbed medium weight, wool and cotton. Our light weight, winter number....$4.75

In ordering be sure and specify whether Old or New Style Garments, three-quarter, or ankle length legs, short or long sleeves are wanted. Also give bust measure and height and weight to insure a perfect fit.

**THE ORIGINAL**

# UTAH WOOLEN MILLS

**Briant Stringham, Manager** **20 Richards Street**

**½ Block South of Temple Gate**

**Special Sunday Bricks and Neopolitan Bricks 25c pt., 50c qt. Call Your Keeley's Dealer. Extra packed in ice.**

## TEMPLE AND BURIAL CLOTHES

**COMPLETE SUITS FOR MEN AND WOMEN**

Variety of Grades and Prices. Prompt and Careful Attention To Mail—Telephone—Telegraph Orders

Open Daily, 9 a. m.—5 p. m.

**GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY**

Phone Wasatch 3286, 29 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Ask for one of our folders describing the different services we offer.

# Troy LAUNDRY

Hyland 190 *Distinctive Work* Office 319 S. Main St.

Waffles For Breakfast

## Hotpoint

Waffle Irons

Bake beautifully brown, delicious waffles—both sides at once without turning. They make them right at the table with no grease or smoke.

Just pour on the batter, close the iron, and in a jiffy the waffles are done just right.

Hotpoint Waffle Irons are finished in rich polished nickel that stays bright and new. DeLuxe Model $15.00. Another model at $10.50.

Modern Electric Co.

"The Hotpoint Shop"

Was. 2307 128 South State

Electrical Dealers and Contractors

We should'a drunk more nilk when we wuz kids—

YOUNG SAMSON knows what he's aiming at—a bottle of our rich, creamy milk. It's a ringer every time, and the prize is health.

GLOVER LEAF DAIRY

159 W. 1st So. Was. 2177

INDIVIDUAL SACRAMENT SETS

NOW IN STOCK

Best in the Market
Will Last a Life Time, 36 Glasses in Each Tray
RECOMMENDED BY PATRONS.
REFERENCES FURNISHED
Made especially for L. D. S. Churches, and successfully used in Utah and intermountain region, also in all Missions in the United States, Europe, and Pacific Islands. Basic metal, Nickle Silver, heavily plated with Solid Silver.
SIMPLE, SANITARY, DURABLE
Satisfaction guaranteed
Inquiries cheerfully answered

**Bureau of Information**

Temple Block Salt Lake City

# The Relief Society Magazine

CONTENTS

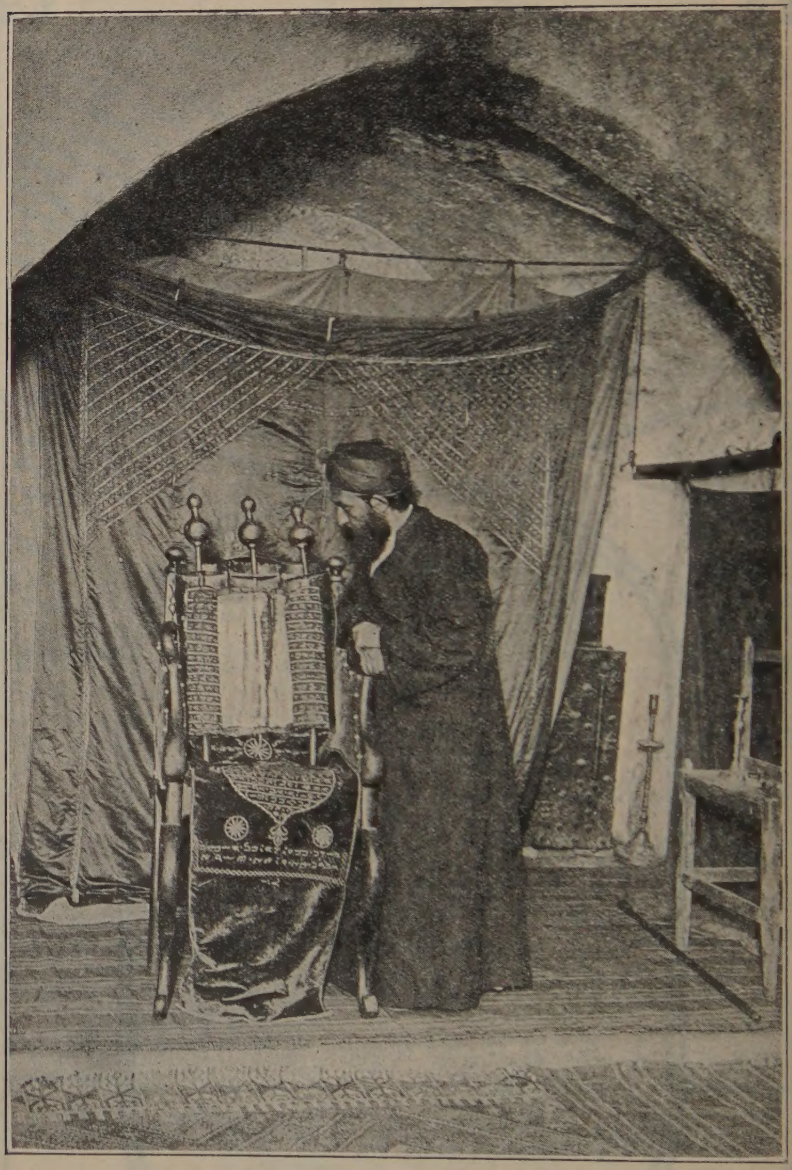

A Samaritan High Friest.....Frontispiece
My Son .....Phyllis Hodgson 60
References for Anniversary Programs..... 63
Program .....Nellie Talmage 64
A Lady of Chivalry.....Josephine Spencer 68
Fast Echoes and Present Pep..... 69
The Fruits of Good and Evil.....
.....Charles W. Penrose 72
Editorial—President Williams Parts with Life Companion ..... 74
The Centenary of the Birth of Emmeline B. Wells..... 75
Open Letter to Teachers of Literature Lessons ..... 76
Counselor Jennie B. Knight Honored. 78
Does Your Food Burn Correctly?.....
.....N. I. Butt 79
His Mother's Promise.....
.....Laura Moench Jenkins 84
Night.....Nina Eckart Kerrick 92
Morning ..... 92
High, High Up in the Hills..Glen Perrins 93
Abraham Lincoln.....Christie Lund 94
Heartsease.....Mrs. Parley Nelson 95
Notes from the Field..Amy Brown Lyman 100
Guide Lessons for April.....104



Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Room 20 Bishop's Bldg. Salt Lake City, Utah
$1.00 a Year—Single Copy, 10c
Foreign, $1.25 a Year—15c Single Copy
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah
Phone Wasatch 3123



VOL. XV FEBRUARY, 1928 NO. 2



A Samaritan High Priest and the Pentateuch

*"Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick, and write upon it, For Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick, and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions."—Ezekiel 37:16.*

The fontispiece shows a picture of a Samaritan high priest and an original roll of the pentateuch supposed to be written by Abishna, a descendant of Aaron. We are publishing it primarily that our readers may discover why the ancient scripture was referred to as a stick.

## My Son

First Poem to Receive Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

*By Phyllis Hodgson*

The moon, with long bright shafts of light,
Has pierced the silent, fragrant night,
And pours its rays of pallid gold
Upon the sleeping child I hold
Against my breast, with fond embrace.
It lights his hair, his rounded face,
His soft, fringed eyelids, while they close
In childhood's dreamless, sweet repose.

A thoughtfulness the shadows bring,
And, as some melody I sing,
I ponder in my heart, and sigh,
For something in me seems to cry:
"Through all the years that come and go,
"Oh, will he always love me so,
"And will he pay, with chivalry,
"The debt that he has owed to me
"Since daybreak of that dark, gray morn,
"That anguished hour when he was born?'

I wonder oftentimes, and yet—
It matters not if he forget;
For when I feel his soft embrace,
His baby kisses on my face,
And, when to still his childish fears,
I kiss away his baby tears,
And then at evening, when in rest,
He lays upon my throbbing breast
His precious curls of shining gold,
The debt is paid—an hundredfold!

THE
# Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XV FEBRUARY, 1928 No. 2

## REFERENCES FOR ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMS

"First Minutes of Relief Society," January *Magazine,* 1915, page 20; "Instructions of the Prophet Given at Nauvoo," March *Magazine,* 1915, page 91; "Object, Aims and Brief History of Relief Society," March *Magazine,* 1915, page 111; "Sketches of the First Five General Presidents," March *Magazine,* 1920, page 127; "Sketches of President Clarissa S. Williams," July *Magazine,* 1921, page 378; "Story of the Organization," March *Magazine,* 1919, page 127; "Our Anniversary," March *Magazine,* 1921, page 137; "Relief Society Teaching," December *Magazine,* 1916, page 668; "Relief Society Annual Day," February *Magazine,* 1923, page 62; "The Relief Society the First Woman's Organization," March *Magazine,* 1924, page 115; "National Woman's Relief Society—History and Accomplishments," March *Magazine,* 1925, page 115; "Historical Events in the Relief Society," August *Magazine,* 1927, page 389.

# Program

*Prepared by Nelle Talmage*

Theme for the evening: Three phases of loyalty as shown by the Relief Society.

1. Loyalty to Home.....10 minutes
   Dramatization: Cornelia's Jewels (*Relief Society Magazine*, Nov., 1926.) Solo: (While last tableau is held, "Dear Little Mother of Mine.")
2. Loyalty to Church .....15 minutes
   Talk: (What the Relief Society has done to show loyalty to Church and what it may yet do.)
3. Loyalty to Nation .....40 minutes
   Sketch: The Gathering of the Stars.
   (Columbia sees as in a vision the building of this great nation.)

CHARACTERS:

*Columbia—Dignified young woman dressed in white robe; band around head, gilt star in front. Sits on raised platform with large banner in stand beside her. She rises when she speaks.*

*Thirteen Original Colonies—Twelve singers and a leader, making a chorus. No costuming.*

*The East—Represented by a reader, no costuming.*

*Colonial Days—Two dancers dressed in colonial costume, dance, the Minuet.* (Music, Mozart's Minuet in G.)

*The South—Represented by the chorus.*

*The Middle West—Represented by two soloists, a man and a lady, or one soloist and a reader.*

*The West—Represented by a reader, and a soloist.*

*The audience also takes part on the program in giving the salute to the flag and singing the Star Spangled Banner.*

*An accompanist who has the program, music and cues, in her hands before the beginning of the program.*

*Stage—No scenery necessary. Stage reveals Columbia and Flag.*

*Columbia—*

"Our Flag, Symbol of freedom and right!
Broad stripes and stars in field of blue,
Courage, purity and truth,
Say your colors bright,
We pledge allegiance to you!"

*Congregation*—(*Arise and repeat together*):

I pledge allegiance to my flag,
And to the republic for which it stands,
One nation indivisible,
With liberty and justice to all!

*Columbia*—

At first there were but thirteen states,
And all were very small,
But loyal, firm, united, they
Never let the Old Flag fall!

*Chorus*—(*Sing*) "Never Let the Old Flag Fall," by M. F. Kelly, published by Chappell & Co., Ltd., New York.

*Columbia*—

Charming were their manners,
Dainty was their grace,
Kerchief, shawl and polonaise,
All trimmed up with lace.

Quiet, calm and dignified,
In social groups they met;
They courtsied, bowed and pointed
In the dainty minuet.

*Colonial Days*—(*Dancers dance the Minuet. Directions and music found in Clark's "Physical Training Book."*)

*Columbia*—

From their early struggle and striving,
Their efforts never ceased;
Hear now the busy factories
And the culture of the East!

*The East*—Reader. (*Any good story or poem that will give the spirit of the eastern part of the United States.*)

*Columbia*—

As years came on there gathered
More stars upon the blue;
They pushed out to the westward
And farther southward, too.

Time came when a mighty struggle
Between the South and North
Brought tears, heartache and sorrow,
As men to war went forth.

The South was saved for the union;
Now sweet voiced singers croon
Lovely Southern melodies
Under the silvery moon.

*The South*—(*Chorus sings "Southern Melodies" of Stephen C. Foster. Arranged by Frank E. Barry.*)

*Columbia*—

"More Room! More Room!" the cry came,
And on toward the setting sun,
And across the mighty rivers,
The pilgrimage was begun.

They sang and wept and labored,
And helped in the way that was best,
And hand was clasped in friendship,
Out in the Middle West.

*The Middle West*—Solo: (*"Out Where the West Begins," by Pellmeo.*)

*Columbia*—

Our native and adopted state, Illinois,
We'll rise while is sung
Our own dear song, Illinois.

(*This program was given originally in Chicago, Logan Square Branch.*)

*Solo*—"Illinois State Song." (*Congregation arose while the first verse was sung. In any other state a reader should read in this place, Carl Sandburg's "Chicago."*)

*Columbia*—

"Westward, ho!" The great ox trains
Plodding the whole day through,
Over the lonesome prairies,
Till the mountains came in view.

Trudging onward and upward,
On to the mountain heights,
Through the heat of the day-time,
Resting in the cool of the night.

Some seeking farms and fortune,
Some to the goldfields went,
Some to the valleys of the mountains,
Where their lives in worship were spent.

Breathe deep and drink in the beauty
Of the mountain's snowcapped crest,
Of the clear-aired peaceful valleys,
Of the sparkling streams of the West!

*The West*—Reader: (*"Out West Where Dreams Come True."*)

*Columbia*—

And one band journeying westward,
Sang as the plains they trod.
"For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God."

They were led by inspiration,
The faithful Pioneer band,
Through the wilds of the Rocky Mountains,
To Utah, the promised land!

Let us rise in salute to Utah,
As her song is sung tonight,
Her star shines in the banner,
Shines with honor, splendor bright!

*Solo—("Utah, We Love Thee," by Evan Stephens. Congregation stands during the singing of the first verse.)*

*Columbia—*

"I love every inch of her prairie land,
Every stone on her mountain side,
I love every drop of water clear
That flows in her rivers wide.
I love every tree, every blade of grass
Within Columbia's gates,
The queen of the earth
Is the land of my birth,
My own United States!"

*Congregation—("The Star Spangled Banner.)*

---

## I Must Hold On

Suggested by the modern tendency to dig up "brutal" truths about great heroes like George Washington and others.

*By Eugene L. Roberts*

I must hold on, for if I lose my grip,
A hundred souls may follow after.
No life is one, but all are inter-knit,
And my misdeed may spread disaster.

God give me power to see with steadfast eye
This oft forgotten truth in life;
And let each hour of tempting impulse die
To leave me stronger for the strife.

But if I fail in weakness or despair,
God keep the truth from those I guide,
That they may all in blessed ignorance bear
Illusions of my strength that died.

Since every act is built upon a dream,
And dreams are goals inspiring youth,
Let none detract from virtues as they seem
In needless search for brutal truth.

## *A LAY OF CHIVALRY*

*By Josephine Spencer*

*Close where the Winter's bivouacked reserve*
*Holds its last trenches, pitching stubborn tents*
*In tangled forests where some shadowed curve*
*Fosters the cause with rebel insolence.—*
*A troop of buds—the Spring's young chivalry—*
*Silently creep, where sluggish outposts lie—*
*Frost sentinels asleep with sun-drugged sense—*
*And at some dawn, before the swallow's view*
*Has stumbled on the Spring's thin trail of blue,*
*Over the crumbling bastions of the camp—*
*So shortly since a regnant field of snow—*
*With glow of daffodil and crocus lamp,*
*Swiftly they clamber, whilst the routed foe*
*Fly with mist-banners trailing worn and low.*

# Past Echoes and Present Pep

*By Grace A. Woodbury*

*Characters: Four ladies representing four generations (Great Grandma, Grandma, Mother and Daughter) girls of today and of yesterday. As scene opens a mother of today is sewing on a thin dimity dress of today's style. With her is her grandmother and mother. G. G. is knitting, G. M. is darning stockings for her grandaughter.)*

*G. M.*: It seems to me that Louise is getting old enough to darn her own stockings. Not that I mind helping you out, Mary, but these silk stockings just don't have anything to darn to. I should think her legs would freeze. She's surely planning for a rheumaticky old age. I tell you, you never went out in any such stockings when you were her age.

*G. G.*: Gracious goodness, I should say she didn't, neither did you. Good, home-knit stockings are the proper kind for everyone to wear. Now when Joseph was a baby I knit him a nice pair of white yarn, with red stripes around them and he never did wear them out, but these shoddy things you buy today are hardly worth carrying home. Now just look at this pair I am wearing, third year and never come to darning yet.

*Mother*: I don't see how you can stand those wooly things, grandmother, in such warm weather. They give me the itch just to look at them.

*G. M.*: Well, I must say, while home-knit wool stocking are all very well for winter, I find I can keep plenty warm enough in summer without them.

*Mother*: (*Holding up the dainty dress she has finished*). Well, as far as I know, no one will deprive you, dear ladies, of the pleasure you get out of wearing your wool stockings all year round or only part of it, just as you like. But just tell me how Louise would look in this (*shows the dress*) with wool stockings.

*G. G.*: Well, I must say, that even if they wouldn't look very well together, I would have the satisfaction of knowing that at least part of her would be properly clad.

*G. M.*: (*Examining dress.*) It does seem a bit slimsy, dosen't it? And not much shape to it; she'll wear it out in one summer. Whey, when you were a girl, Mary, I made your dresses over and over—and—.

*Mother*: (*Interrupting.*) Yes, I know you did, I don't think I ever did wear out any of my dresses, the material was so very

substantial. I have several, upstairs, now that Louise used to like to dress up in.

*G. M.*: You must remember, Mary, when you were young that a dress was a dress, and I couldn't afford to buy a dress that would wear out in one season.

*G. G.*: I am still wearing a brocaded silk that I have had for twenty-five years.

*Mother*: Yes, but did you ever happen to think, mother, that a pair of leg-o-mutton sleeves would make a dress like this, that the material used in one hoop skirt, such as grandma used to wear, would make dresses for three or four girls of today. (*Louise has come in during the latter part of the conversation.*)

*Louise*: Oh! Mother, what do you know about this, Jack Goodwin told Mary Clark today that he thought I was some classy little Jane. Said he liked girls with lots of pep and said he would step me to the dance tonight if he had the nerve and— — —

*G. G.*: (*To Grandma.*) Dear me, what is the child talking about? Pep and nerve! Who ever heard that pepper was good for nervous trouble.

*Louise*: Why, hello, old dears. I was so excited I never noticed you before, but you wouldn't blame me, if you knew Jack Goodwin. Why! he's a regular shiek!

*G. G.*: A shiek! A shiek! Is the child talking about a foreigner?

*Louise*: Let's see, how can I put it up to you, so you'll understand just what I mean by a fellow being a shiek. Now grandma, just suppose you were young and had a crush on some boy, who wanted to step with you awhile; and you were just crazy to have him. What would he say to you and how would you answer him?

*G. G.*: (*Primly.*) He would first ask my father's permission to call on me, then if father gave his consent, he would then ask me for the pleasure of my company, and if I approved of him, I would say, "I shall be pleased to have you accompany me to the party," or "through life," just as the case might be.

*Louise*: My! What a long round about process. No wonder they had to travel with ox team. Imagine trying to say all of that to a guy in a jitney.

*G. M.*: How I loathe those smelly, noisy cars. It dosen't seem respectful to hurry so; carriages are more to my liking.

*G. G.*: It really seems disgusting to honk one's friend out, when calling to take them for a ride.

*Louise*: Gee, what slow times you had. From what you say, I would imagine that a rag bee would seem wildly exciting.

*G. M.*: I am certain that we enjoyed our quiet parties and modest dresses as well as you do your noisy dances and those sleeveless, collarless apologies, you call dresses.

*Louise*: Please don't bawl me out any more, but tell me, What, oh! what can I tell my grandchildren?

*Mother*: Don't worry dear, by the time you have grandchildren, dresses will be so short that you can say, "My dear, when I was a girl my dresses reached clear down to my knees." (*All laugh.*)

*G. G.*: I have a plan to suggest that will show you that the boys and girls of my day really were superior to the young folks of today in matters of dress, dancing, and general conduct. I am going to invite a number of my old friends and their partners and we'll wear our old fashioned clothes, dance our graceful old dances and sing our sweet, old songs.

*Mother*: And just to show you that my friends were just as well behaved as you and your friends were, I'll invite some of them and we, too, will have a good time like we used to have when I was a girl.

*Louise*: Now you are shouting; bring on your Rip Van Winkles and their wives. Grandma and mother will trot out some of their old stiffs and I bring in some of my peppy bunch and we'll see just how much better we are than you, and we'll leave it to the crowd to judge which of the three generations are the worst actors. (*Goes to telephone and calls up Jack.*) Hello, Jack? Come over tonight if you want to have the time of your young life, and bring Belle and Bill, and May and Jim with you. Sure, bring them, the more the merrier.

*G. M.*: I must tell grandpa to call around and invite my friends. (*Goes off stage as mother calls.*)

*Mother*: Just as well call them up on the phone, Mother.

*G. M.*: (*Primly.*) No thanks. I don't like this modern way of inviting people to parties and that person you call central is rather inquisitive anyway.

*Mother*: (*Goes to telephone saying*): Queer how these old people can't get used to modern conveniences. Yet Louise laughs at me because I won't drive the car. (*Goes to telephone as curtain falls.*)

## ACT—II.

(*As scene opens the four groups*): *G. G. in clothes of youthful days, light basques, full skirt, leg-o-mutton sleeves, etc. Grandmothers in skirts and waists; small waists, large bustles. Mothers in flounced or ruffled dress, bow of ribbon on hair, etc. Louise in modern, one piece short dresses, bobbed hair, etc.*

*Group One sings*: "Wait till the Clouds Roll by."

*Group Two sings*: "Wake, Lady, Awake."

*Group three sings*: "Two Little Girls in Blue," or "After the Ball."

*Group four sings*: "Yes sir, she's my baby," or any other late, jazzy song. The songs are followed by a dance from each group:

*One*: "Minuet"
*Two*: "Quadrille"
*Three*: "Waltz" (out)
*Four*: "Fox Trot"

(*Other songs may be sung if desired; these are given as suggestions. As this playlet was put on entirely by Relief Society members, ladies dressed for men. Fat ladies dressed as men, with tall thin partners. This caused much fun.*)

---

## The Fruits of Good and Evil

An Unpublished Poem

*By Charles W. Penrose*

In all our lives how careful should we be
  To square our actions by the rule of right,
To speak the language of sincerity,
  And shun the path that will not bear the light.

Who can the hasty, bitter word unsay?
  Who can a single deed obliterate?
A flood of tears will wash no act away,
  Nor grief, the spoken thought annihilate.

Our works on earth are like the seeds we sow,
  They pass from sight and fade from memory:
But from them good or evil fruit shall grow,
  To multiply throughout eternity.

No skill of man can make two kinds of fruit
  Grow from one seed, however rich the ground:
And ne'er on branches from an evil root,
  Shall buds of good and evil both be found.

Fruits "in their kind" from seeds prolific spring,
  In their own likeness they come forth again:
And so our actions, right or wrong, shall bring
  To us a crop of good or evil grain.

And fertile germs in their production dwell,
  Each to perpetuate their species still.
When shall they cease to spread? Ah, who can tell?
  Who stop their increase by his feeble will?

Do good to others; though ingratitude
May often chill the warm and gen'rous heart,
And though thy motives may be misconstrued,
Still act a Godlike, charitable part.

Hold not thine hand from doing worthy things,
Though praised by none and known to God alone;
Virtue shall be the glory of the kings
Who share the splendor of the Father's throne.

Oh! think not that the shades of darkest night
Can hide the wickedness in secret done!
With all its dire effects 'twill come to light,
And blast with trembling shame the guilty one.

Beware of doing wilful injury,
Close not thine ear to mercy's pleading voice,
For thine own measure shall come back to thee,
To bring despair, or make thy soul rejoice.

*Note*: February 4 will be the anniversary of President Penrose's ninety-sixth birthday.

---

## Design for Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Made by Women

It will be a matter of interest to women in general to learn that the design of Miss Elizabeth Scott for the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre to be built at Stratford-on-avon has been accepted. The memorial theatre at Stratford is of general interest and it is in line with the achievements of modern women that one should draw a plan that has proved acceptable.

Another thing about it that is interesting is that the plan looks very much like an old medieval castle. The name Scott usually suggests the name of Sir Walter Scott, the great novelist who did so much to revive the middle ages in his long list of extraordinary novels.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

*Motto—Charity Never Faileth*

THE GENERAL BOARD

MRS. CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS - - - - - - - - - President
MRS. JENNIE BRIMHALL KNIGHT - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
MRS. LOUISE YATES ROBINSON - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer
MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

Mrs. Emma A. Empey — Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter — Mrs. Ethel Reynolds Smith
Mrs. Jeanette A. Hyde — Mrs. Julia A. Child — Mrs. Barbara Howell Richards
Miss Sarah M. McLelland — Mrs. Cora L. Bennion — Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine
Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon — Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund — Miss Alice Louise Reynolds
Mrs. Lalene H. Hart — Mrs. Amy Whipple Evans — Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford

Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, Music Director
Miss Edna Coray, Organist

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS
Associate Editor - - - - - - - ALICE LOUISE REYNOLDS
Assistant Manager - - - - - - - AMY BROWN LYMAN

Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

VOL. XV FEBRUARY, 1928 No. 2

# Editorial

## President Williams Parts with her Life's Companion

The heart-felt sympathy of the members of the General Board, all stake and ward officers, and members of the Relief Society the world over, goes out to President Clarissa Smith Williams in the great loss she has sustained in the death of her much beloved and devoted companion. For many months Senator Williams has been confined to his bed of suffering. All that skill and patient, loving hands could do to lighten his pain and give comfort during the period of his illness has been done. Chief among those who have ministered to him has been his beloved wife, assisted by their devoted daughter, Miss Bae Williams.

At the service Elder George Albert Smith expressed the idea that Brother Williams' work, which marks a life of achievement, has been given that support that only a devoted and intelligent wife could give; consequently, his success was in a measure her success. In this regard what was true of Sister Williams was also true of Brother Williams. Senator Williams has shown the keenest interest in all of his wife's public work. There was no detail too small for him to take note of. On the 15th day of December we had occasion to visit Sister Williams to

present to her the sketch for the new *Magazine* cover. She examined it and then said, "Take it in and let Brother Williams see it, for he has been waiting eagerly ever since he knew you were coming." We carried it in to him. He made some comments in relation to it when suddenly he caught sight of the two Relief Society teachers at the door, then his eyes filled with tears, and in words scarcely audible he expressed his appreciation. Many members of the General Board will doubtless recall with what pride he took part in the unveiling of the oil painting of President Williams that now adorns the walls of the Board room. His tribute to his wife on that occasion glowed with admiration and sincere devotion. It must be a matter of the deepest satisfaction to her to realize that she and her husband have builded well, and that love and harmony, together with other Christian virtues, have united to make their union outstanding and beautiful.

President Williams' co-workers in the great organization at whose head she stands, with marked graciousness and nobility, unite in extending to her and to her sons and daughters their love and sympathy in this hour of keen sorrow. They pray that the mellowing influence of our Father's Spirit may abide with them to give comfort and all needed support. In extending our love and sympathy to our esteemed and much beloved leader we shall make use of Alfred Tennyson's noted lines written to Queen Victoria on the occasion of the death of the Prince Consort:

"May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again!"

## The Centenary of the Birth of Emmeline B. Wells

It will be one hundred years on the 29th day of February, 1928, since Emmeline B. Wells was born, yet her name is still a household word, and the vision of the slight figure with the keen eyes has not yet begun to fade from the memory of the thousands who knew her. To many she was patriot, pioneer, poet and president, all in one.

The Patriot:

The first definite thought we have of her is connected with the birth of her country, for she loved to tell how her grandfather, dressed in the uniform of a soldier of the American Revolution, came to take dinner with her on her first birthday when she was four years old. She treasured at all times the provisions of the American Constitution and was most valiant in her efforts to bring

about an amendment to that constitution enfranchising the women of the nation. This deep-seated desire she saw realized before the day of her death, being permitted to vote, as she was many times, on the great national issues of her day.

The Pioneer:

It seldom falls to the lot of one to be a pioneer in so full and so complete a sense as was "Aunt Em Wells." She lived in a covered wagon on the very spot where the Hotel Utah now stands. Indeed, a daughter was born to her there. She was one of the very first teachers of Salt Lake City, and her school room was a log cabin. She was editor and business manager of the *Woman's Exponent*, a magazine which was the forerunner of the *Relief Society Magazine*, a periodical that will become increasingly valuable as the days go by, for the historical data contained in its pages. In pioneer days it was a real achievement to make successful any literary venture, but to be able in the face of all existing prejudice to carry on and publish a woman's magazine was extraordinary in the highest sense of the word.

The Poet:

The pages of the *Woman's Exponent* were often enlivened and given exquisite touches through the verses of its editor. The poems that filled the columns of her magazine were often resplendant with descriptions of New England pine and hemlock as well as the sunshine of this western desert and the gurgle and ripple of its canyon streams. Her words have been caught by little children whose sweet voices carry forth the melody to which her verses have been set, and thus the valleys have been made to ring with the music of her song.

The President:

Thousands of women in the Church will recall the years of her presidency of the Relief Society. They will bring to mind the fact that to her was given the mission of gathering and saving wheat for future times. They will recall, among other things, that she was visited by many, many noted persons, and that she had met practically all the presidents of the United States, from Lincoln to Wilson, and that her name was known far over land and sea. It is a fitting tribute to her life, that a committee of women from varied organizations are interested at the present time in a memorial bust to mark the centenary of her birth.

---

## Open Letter to Teachers of Literature Lessons

So many letters have come into the office asking for reference books relating to the Literature course that we are including an open letter in the editorial department which we trust will satisfy our readers.

The first two writers in this year's course belong to the American group. Last year the book recommended was *American Poetry,* by Louis Untermeyer, so that we felt that most libraries and organizations that wished to supply themselves with that book had already done so. The three British writers used are John Masefield, Alfred Edward Housman, and Robert Louis Stevenson. It would not be a bad idea to go to your libraries in your various communities and ask them to purchase *Modern British Poetry,* by Louis Untermeyer, published by Harcourt, Brace and Howe, New York. That book would give you the three British authors mentioned. We do not feel that it would be right to ask organizations to buy it for two lessons.

The Canadian authors are William Henry Drummond and Charles G. D. Roberts. We do not feel justified in asking organizations to buy a manual of Canadian literature for two lessons, but we do feel justified in asking them to get the libraries in their communities to buy it. We recommend *Highways of Canadian Literature* by J. D. Logan and Donald G. French, published by McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, Canada.

The western writers are all living and perhaps in no case have yet published a volume of their poetry. What we expect to do is to get these various people to write rather complete sketches of their lives and submit a number of poems from which we shall make a rather wide selection and publish in the *Magazine.* If any of these poets live in your vicinity it might be a good idea to invite them to appear before large groups and talk, and in that way you will be able to become more intimate with the people than you might otherwise become. Of course, this idea of having the poets come and talk to you must be left to their personal discretion, and none should feel in any way disturbed if for any reason they do not care to accept the invitations tendered.

We have very greatly appreciated the initiative and ambition shown by our workers who have gone out and collected material not published in the *Magazine* to enrich the lessons, but we shall have to ask them not to feel disappointed when we come to our home writers if they are not able to find material not in the lessons. This condition cannot be remedied for if we study people who are now living, and who have not published books, we have to do the pioneering and publish the first material that may be accessible. Of course, the poems of all of these people have been published in Church magazines for years and many will have access to the back volumes of our Church magazines. They will furnish you with poems that could not possibly be included in one lesson.

We trust that this statement will meet the questions in your mind and that you will help us in this effort to make you acquainted

with some of our home writers. We earnestly ask your cooperation and good will in the task that lies before us.

## Counselor Jennie B. Knight Honored

Again the members of the General Board and all associated with the Relief Society will feel a sense of pride and pleasure in the fact that Mrs. Jennie B. Knight was selected as a member of the nominating committee at the recent biennial of the National Council of Women. Not only was she a member of the nominating committee but from that group she, with Miss Tellberg of Vassar College, was selected to interview President Valeria H. Parker in regard to accepting another term as presiding officer of the Council. We are exceedingly happy that Mrs. Knight could make it convenient to attend the conference.

## Editor's Note

The present issue of the *Relief Society Magazine* aims to be helpful to the organization during the month of March, which is the anniversary month. We are therefore publishing a list of references to articles in past issues of the *Magazine* that give data concerning the history of the organization and other matters of interest. We are including two plays that might be made use of for entertainment on the 17th of March. One is a program arranged by Mrs. Nelle Talmage and the other a play written by Mrs. Grace A. Woodbury. You are under no obligation to make use of the material because it is published in the *Magazine*. We are simply trying to meet some of the requests that come constantly to the office for historical data and material that might be used for entertainment.

# Does Your Food Burn Correctly

*By N. I. Butt*

The good cook makes her dinner tasty by a delicate balance of all the ingredients. We sometimes marvel at the skill of such a cook, but have you ever compared her with the agents which combine the various chemicals resulting from the digestion of our food. We speak of skill among cooks and chemists, but in terms of the exactitude which God gave to our bodies, the mechanical skill of man is clumsy and amateurish. No chemist is so careful that a mistake is not occasionally made in mixing his chemicals, and no cook is so painstaking that she never forgets to add salt to some dish. The most renowned chemist on earth could not take the food you eat and mix it so that, were it injected into your blood stream as your digestive system injects it, your body would not sicken and die.

The body has a whole cupboard-full of delicate seasoning fluids stored away in handy portions of the system, and when some food contains too much salt, too much of certain acids, or some other excess or deficiency, these organs immediately commence to throw counteracting or supplementing substances into the blood, so that there is never more than a fraction of a per cent difference in the composition of the body. Should you be so neglectful of food values that you consistently fail to fully supply your body with some vital chemical such as calcium or iodine, the organ which controls this constituent sends chemical messengers to the storehouses of the deficient substances ordering the release of enough of the lacking material to prevent disastrous results within the body. Fortunately for the human race, during times of plenty, the body looks to the future, filling its cupboards with the supplies most needed when scarcity comes. During summer, for instance, we may eat more of the element calcium than we need, and part is stored. The following winter we may neglect foods high in calcium and a shortage results The chemical messengers are then dispatched to borrow calcium from the bones, intending to repay them when the supply again becomes plentiful. If this deficiency continues for long periods, however, the calcium, controlling organ may become overworked and diseased, whereupon the possessor of the body is taken down with some type of sickness.

It would be too long and tedious a task to try to illustrate in detail the trials and struggles which we foolishly impose on

each of our body regulators, so we shall use only a single one, the thyroid gland. This gland is of special interest to the people of the intermountain region because it is very often overworked and diseased. From 25 to 85 per cent of the school children of Utah have been found to have at least mild defects of this gland.

The thyroid gland is one of what might be called the automatic heat regulating devices of the body. The food which you eat burns in the body the same as it does if you throw it into the fire. The burning process in the body, however, must be controlled, else the fires would grow too hot and consume the tissues. Every cook knows that sugar in a pan burns more quickly than cabbage or a good tough beefsteak. This difference in rapidity of burning applies equally well within the body. If we are normal, our temperatures must remain almost stationary, but if some quick burning substance like candy be piled into the system it tends to cause a feverish temperature. When this begins the thyroid gland must commence to throw fire extinguishing liquids into the body to slow down the rate of burning. In the summertime, when the air is warmer than the body, there is a tendency for rapid burning within the tissues, resulting in overheating. The thyroid takes care of this tendency, or the opposite one which comes during winter, with such nicety that we seldom vary in temperature a single degree in a year.

The year-by-year rate of burning varies considerably at different ages. It is low just after birth, then it increases rapidly until almost school age, after which there is a rapid lowering for ten or fifteen years. The period of life above about twenty years is marked by a slow rate. The periods of rapid heat production, it will be noted, come during times when there is rapid growth or sudden changes in life. Women are subject to greater variation than men, because they must burn enough food to supply their nursing babies, and they have other disturbances at puberty and thereafter which call for sudden changes in the rate of food burning. For these reasons, it is perhaps more important that the thyroid of women be kept in good working order, than it is for men.

The thyroid gland in some individuals is extra active, while in others it is sluggish. Those with overactive glands burn food very rapidly, and this causes them to have voracious appetites, or eat what appears to be excessive quantities of food, yet they do not grow fat; in fact they are often very skinny. Those with sluggish thyroids, on the other hand, burn food slowly, and may grow fat when eating comparatively small quantities of food.

Goiter, the visible indication that the thyroid gland is having difficulty with its work, occurs among girls and women about twice as often as it does among boys and men. The average rate among school girls in Utah in 1924 was 54 per cent, while that for

boys was 31 per cent. Among the adults in Spanish Fork, Utah, 42 per cent of the women had goiter, but only 17 per cent of the men were thus affected.

As is well known there are two types of goiter, the ordinary one, recognized by an enlargement just below and on either side of the Adam's apple, and the "pop-eyed" type. The former when well developed sometimes causes the victim to be depressed and constantly nervous; also to have pasty faces, dull eyes, and ashy complexions. These serious cases are often accompanied by enlargements, sometimes reaching the size of the clenched fist, and the swelling presses on the blood vessels, arteries and muscles causing various complications. If the trouble begins during infancy, it may result in an idiotic dwarf called a cretin.

The second type of goiter, the "pop-eyed," is usually accompanied by hot and cold flushes, warm sweats, rapid pulse, and bulging eyes. Patients with this type have a high death rate and usually must undergo a surgical operation if they recover. Fortunately only about two per cent of the total goiter cases are of this more violent type.

It is not entirely clear just how the thyroid gland proceeds to regulate the burning of food. But however it happens, the element *iodine,* known to everyone in its dissolved form as one of the best antiseptics for wounds, is essential. The quantity of iodine needed is very small, a 130-pound or 2,080-ounce individual containing only two-thirds of an ounce in his whole body. Most of the two-thirds of an ounce, however, is concentrated in the thyroid gland in the form of an extremely complicated chemical called thyroxin, which acts as an agent to manufacture the regulating fluid.

When the cook begins to make a dessert, and finds that she has no sugar to satisfy her recipe, she may search around for some substitute such as syrup or honey. The thyroid tries to do exactly the same thing when our food contains no iodine to satisfy the recipe it is using; it tries to substitute another element for the iodine. But just as the cook's dessert may not taste exactly right, so the substitute used by the thyroid is flat. The thyroid in its endeavor to manufacture the thyroxin without the iodine, overworks itself, and puts more of this element into active use than is best for the gland. The over-activity causes the swelling which gives us the visible sign of goiter.

Most people who have not studied the goiter problem think that it is a trouble confined to man, but like most diseases to which man is subject, we find many goiterous animals. In fact wholesale curing of goiter was performed on fish, colts, calves, and sheep before it was used on children. Dogs were the first animals used to prove that a lack of iodine will cause goiter, and that in about 95 per cent of the cases that have not progressed too far, iodine will restore the individual to normal. When this fact had

been established, we began to glance about to see how general goiter was and discovered the rather serious condition which we now know of.

Practically all of the interior parts of the world thus far studied show a lack of iodine in foods and a high prevalence of goiter. The World War draft examinations, and the recent study of school children, show that a very serious condition exists in the intermountain states, including Utah. This does not apply to all sections of the country, as the iodine present varies from place to place. Alpine canyon water has been found to contain only 18 parts of iodine in each hundred billion parts of water, whereas only a few miles away, at Goshen, the water showed 250 parts per hundred billion. In the latter place the children were goiterous in only 17 per cent of the total; whereas, in Alpine, where the children were drinking the water with only a smaller quantity of iodine, goiter occurred among 58 per cent of the total. Some of the children in every locality in Utah were apparently suffering for want of iodine.

Since we know that the majority of cases of ordinary goiter can be cured, or at least greatly benefited, by supplying the thyroid gland with iodine, a solution of the problem is at hand. The next question is, what is the best way to supply the deficiency? The schools are attempting to answer this question by the use of chocolate-coated iodine tablets. They seem to be having good success. But waiting until the children reach school age may be assuming too great a risk. Nutrition experts inform us that many cases of malnutrition began to develop before the children were born, and continued until maturity was reached. The same may be said of iodine deficiency. In regions like Utah where iodine is scarce, mothers who take iodine through the period of expectancy have less disturbance and discomfort, and their children are more likely to be vigorous and free from goiter, than do mothers who fail to observe this precaution. If the mother continues to take iodine during the nursing period, and the child is then kept supplied with iodine throughout its youth, there is not the danger of improper development that there is if no precautions are taken until school age is reached.

Interior regions can sometimes correct the deficiency in iodine by a wise choice of foods, but this usually requires the purchase of foods which have been shipped in from near the oceans. Edible sea weeds, agar, and water cress are among the best plants for furnishing iodine, and next comes lemons and lettuce. None of these, however, rank anywhere near such sea-fish as oysters, codfish, lobsters, shrimp, and mackerel. Salmon is probably the cheapest of the sea-fish which are high in iodine, but ranks considerably below those mentioned above.

Most inland people, however, cannot afford to buy enough

of the sea-foods to fully supply their thyroid glands with iodine. Cheaper though less satisfactory means are available for these people, by the use of iodized salt and iodine tablets. Some cities have been experimenting with iodine placed in the city water systems. Iodized salt is about the cheapest source of iodine, but the iodine tablets have the advantage of containing the iodine in an organic compound, and therefore, more readily available to the body.

Adults should always use caution in attempting to correct thyroid troubles by the use of either salt or the chocolate coated tablets. Some adults have disagreeable disturbances when they use more than small quantities of iodine, and foodstuffs high in this substance are the only hope for them. Rapidly growing children seldom experience such difficulties, so the cheaper sources of iodine are available for those who are most likely to be benefited by its use. It is usually advisable for adults to consult with a physician before attempting to cure goiter by the use of iodine, because adults are sometimes at a stage beyond hope of relief by such means. No one with the "pop-eyed" type of goiter should attempt to effect a cure by means of iodine without first consulting a physician, because only a small proportion of this variety of trouble yields to the iodine treatment, and some cases are actually made worse by the use of iodine.

---

## Fire-Flies of the Fog

(The Woman Drives Her Car)

*By Linda S. Fletcher*

The globules of the mist
  (As shadows fall)
Enshroud the dusky Night
  With silver pall;
In solitude I purr along,
Ahead, and all about me, throng
Bright fire-flies in a darting
    song:
  "Danger!" they call.

For phantoms of the gloom
  Lurk in my way,
There, to and fro, disport,
  Busily gay;
And yet a thrill of joy I know
At beauty of the rosy glow
Of motor-firefliles that go
  Weaving through gray.

# His Mother's Promise

*By Laura Moench Jenkins*

"Thy watchman shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion."

The reader, a boy of ten years, raised his eyes from the book on his knee and addressed the wan figure on the bed.

"The Lord will bring again Zion," he repeated, "Mother, does that mean the Lord will bring Zion from heaven?"

"I think not, my son," the sick woman answered, "it is a city that will be built upon the earth in the last days."

The boy sat lost in thought.

"Mother," he queried at last, "will we ever see Zion?"

A moment of heavy breathing and the sick woman thoughtfully replied: "My son, I shall never live to see Zion, but I promise you that, when I am gone, if you will always live as I have taught you— you shall yet go to Zion."

It was a plain little room and a plain little cottage in the village of Neuphen, Germany, almost a century ago. The mother was Frau Rochell and the boy her son Karl.

The time had been when the father, Herr Rochell, had been considered a rich man; he was a tanner, and owned the tanyard at the outskirts of the village, and Frau Rochell was loved by all the villagers for her hospitality.

But reverses came, war held the country in its grip, and after that war debts were to be paid and taxes were high and there were losses and failures in business, until finally Herr Rochell decided to leave all and seek his fortune in the much talked of land of America.

In the spring of 1850 he bade his family adieu and set sail over the great Atlantic for the harbor of New York.

Frau Rochell, with her eight children, remained in the old home to await the outcome of the father's expedition.

She was a frugal woman, but her family was large and it took a big loaf of brown bread to feed eight hungry mouths and there was little else. She spent much of her time among the sick of the village and her son Johann, a sturdy lad of sixteen years, worked in the tanyard which had been owned by his father, but wages were low and there was little to earn.

In the new world, however, Herr Rochell was quite successful, and before winter came again, he was able to send his family enough money to make them more comfortable.

But America was a long way off and it took six weeks for

a letter to cross the big blue ocean and often the family were without even the necessities, depending upon the scanty earnings of the mother and Johann.

Two years passed in this way, and then, one day there came a letter from America containing passage money for Johann and Mary to join their father in New York. Herr Rochell now owned a tanyard in that state and felt, with Johann to assist him in his business and Mary, now a young woman of fifteen years, to keep up their home, he could soon save means to emigrate Frau Rochell and the little ones.

There was a dull heavy ache in the mother's heart as she made preparations for the departure of her children, the question, "Would they ever meet again?" kept rising in her bosom.

She concealed her forebodings, however, and one bright May morning Johann and Mary kissed her goodbye and started on their long journey.

Bravely Frau Rochell struggled on through another summer and the ensuing autumn, but her health was slowly failing. Winter came again and there was little food in the home; vainly she watched for the letter from America to relieve the wants of her family. At length, there came a day when there was no food and six hungry mouths to be fed. For many days she had eaten little herself, that the scant supply might last till the letter from father would reach them, but it had not come and now they were without.

It was a cold December day, the snow was falling and a chill wind blowing. Frau Rochell rose early in the morning and wrapping her thin faded shawl around her shoulders, started out to seek work that perchance she might earn a few pennnies and bring home a loaf of brown bread to her hungry little ones.

All day she wandered over the village and all day the children watched for her return. At last, weary and disheartened, she came again to her home. Thinking she had brought them food, the children rushed to meet her. It was too much for the weary woman. She dropped into a chair and buried her face in her hands. "Children," she sobbed, "I have nothing for you."

Silence fell over the room and for some moments nothing was heard but the heart-broken sobs of the mother. At length she became calm and called her daughter Barbara to her side.

"Go, my child, to the cellar," she directed, "'and bring what saurkraut there still remains, The little ones must be fed or they will starve."

The girl obeyed and while she was gone Karl, her younger brother, gathered a few sticks and built a fire in the old fashioned firplace and the cold, starving children gathered around the comforting blaze.

The kraut was cooked and eaten, and that night the family

became violently ill. The kraut was too heavy for their empty stomachs and two days later the two younger children, Ludwig and Louise, died from the effects.

Too late the villagers came to the assistance of Frau Rochell and her family, and though the next day brought the long looked for letter from America, want and hunger had done their cruel work.

The heart-broken mother never recovered from her terrible experience, overworked and undernourished, she became an easy victim for the grim white plague which made rapid inroads on her depleted body, and she took to her bed to rise no more. During that last, long illness, her greatest comfort was to listen to her son Karl read for her from her Lutheran Bible; hour after hour, he sat at her bedside reading its pages and listening to her explanation. and here is where our story finds them.

Karl Rochell pondered long on the promise made him by his mother. She had told him he should go to Zion, and he never doubted her words, but where would Zion be?

Time passed on, and one cold February morning the spirit of Frau Rochell took its flight and four motherless children stood weeping at her bedside. "Fear not though I die," she had told them, "I will never leave you," and these prophetic words were the only comfort left to that stricken household.

The death of his wife was a severe blow to Herr Rochell and as soon as possible he sent for the remaining children, reuniting his family at last in America.

New York was truly a new world to Karl Rochell. Everything was different, the boys with whom he associated, their mode of dress, they played different games and they spoke a different language. But Karl was young and soon mastered the new tongue and all the rest of it. In fact, he preferred New York to Neuphen except for one thing, and that was his home life. Home life in New York without his mother could never be what home in Neuphen had been with her in it.

She had taught him to pray, and morning and evening reminded him of his prayers. No one bothered about that now. Father was too busy, when he was at home he just smoked his pipe and read the German papers. His sister Barbara always seemed to him very much like his mother, however, and he loved to sit and talk to her when they were alone.

"Barbara," he said to her as they sat alone together one evening, "New York is a big fine place and Taylor's Hollow where we now live is better than Neuphen, but sometime I'd like to go home again."

"But Karl," she replied with a little choke in her voice, "mother would not be there."

"I know it, Barbara," was the response, "home would never be the same without her. I guess it's better to stay here. We're never cold or hungry now, are we, sister?"

"No, dear," was the reply, "how I wish mother could have lived to see us so comfortable."

A silence followed, broken only by the half suppressed sobs of the two children.

"Barbara," the boy whispered when they had become calm again, "this cannot be Zion even though it is a better place than Neuphen."

"Oh, Karl, what a funny boy you are! What makes you think about Zion?" and Barbara gave a little laugh and drew him to her almost like his mother used to do.

For a moment the boy sat lost in thought.

"Barbara," he replied at last, "once, just a little while before mother died, I read in her Bible that God would again send Zion. Mother said it was a beautiful city, which God would have built in the last days in the tops of the mountains, and sister, she said if I would always be good and do as she had taught me, some day I should go there."

"There's mountains here," replied Barbara.

"Yes, but this cannot be Zion, because people are not good. The boys are not good, they steal poor old man Casey's apples."

"But you do not, do you Karl?" and Barbara gave him a confidential little hug as she put the question.

"I don't know," he stammered, "sometimes I forget about mother and Zion and take a few apples so the boys wont call me names. No, Barbara, this is not Zion. Mother said the people who go to Zion will be good. Sometimes I forget to pray, and last night I dreamed I saw mother. I guess she wants me to be a better boy."

Barbara Rochell's heart gave a little thud. Was the Zion mother had spoken of heaven, and was this little brother going there with her?

She caught him to her bosom and he put his arms around her neck. Suddenly the door opened and Herr Rochell entered.

"Ach, meine kinder! Gehe zu deinem bette."

Never accustomed to question or argue with their father, the two children, so unceremoniously dismissed, wished their father "goodnight" and quietly retired.

Herr Rochell was an industrious man and believed in developing habits of industry in his children. In fact, this was the secret of his success in the new world. Faithfully Johann had labored by his father's side since his childhood and Karl was expected to do the same. During the winter months the boy attended the village school and advanced rapidly. The remainder of the year he labored with his father and brother in the tanyard.

But Karl was ambitious. He never liked the tanyard. There was within his bosom a longing for an education and he was often roused from his day dreams by a sharp reprimand from his father or one of the men. Johann, however, was very patient with his younger brother. Something in his big blue eyes reminded him of their mother.

One evening as Karl was wending his way homeward from the tanyard he picked up a copy book by the roadside. No name appeared on its cover and as there was no one near to whom it might belong he carried it home. His artistic eye admired the penmanship, and hour after hour, when he should have been in bed he sat practicing on its copies. His main ambition in life now was to write like the copies in that copy book.

When he was fourteen he became dissatisfied with his home life and ran away to Canada. That night he slept in a cheap boarding house just over the Canadian line. In his dreams he saw his mother and by the sad look on her face he knew she was not pleased with him.

He awoke early in the morning and lay upon his bed in thought. "If you will be a good boy and always do as I have taught you, you shall yet go to Zion." The words kept ringing in his ears.

Karl had not been very careful to cover up his tracks and his brother Johann easily followed him, so when a few hours later the landlady ushered Johann into his room, he dutifully accompanied him home.

Ambitious still, for an education, Karl carefully saved his earnings and all his leisure time was spent in study. He attended night classes and studied with private teachers and practiced into the early morning hours with his pen. At last he was able to attend the Bryant Stratton College in Chicago, from which he graduated with honors, having the distinction of being the best penman ever graduated from that institution.

* * * * *

The day had been unusually warm for so late in September, but Apollo in his golden chariot had reached the western horizon and was fast disappearing in a sea of crimson and gold. Exhausted from the excessive heat of the day, people gathered on their porches or doorsteps to enjoy the refreshing evening breeze.

Salt Lake City was a social little village in the early sixties, neighboring womenfolk found time to gossip over fences or gateposts at the close of the day. Near the southeastern boundary of the city Martha Jane Allen and Eliza Purrington were enjoying a tete-a-tete over a green willow fence that separated their homes.

Mrs. Purrington suddenly looked up. "Lawsy me, Marthy Jane! Who can that be?"

"Blest if I know!" was the reply, "some more of them Gentile gold diggers agoin to Californy, I recken."

"Lawsy me," I believe they're goin to turn in here," and Eliza Purrington's hands went up to her head to straighten her sun bonnet and the brooch at her neck, before the strangers should have time to dismount and enter.

The eyes of both women were turned to the street, where two dusty, travel-stained men had reined their mules under a locust tree, which threw a friendly shade over the street and sidewalk. One dismounted, handed his bridle rein to his companion, strode over to the wicket gate, opened it and walked briskly up the little walk and over to where the women were standing. Gallantly doffing his dusty hat he bade the ladies "good-evening" and enquired if the town afforded a boarding house where he and his companion could find accommodations during the few days they might wish to spend in the intermountain city.

His gallantry rather confused these rural ladies but they managed to direct him to the home of Mrs. Mary White, a widow lady, who made her living by taking boarders.

As the travelers rode away in the direction given, the women eyed them suspiciously.

"My! them Gentiles do have slick manners," remarked Mrs. Allen, and Mrs. Purrington replied that she would certainly keep an eye on her Nora while they remained in town.

The mules were tired so the travelers rode slowly until they stood in front of the two-story adobe cottage to which they had been directed. The same young man dismounted, opened the little gate, walked up the gravel walk and knocked at the door.

Mrs. White, herself, answered the knock and the young fellow introduced himself by handing her a card on which she read the name, finely pen written, Prof. Karl L. Rochell; he then handed her another card, which he explained belonged to his friend with the mules in the street. This read: Prof. Oliver Trescott. He then informed Mrs. White that they were on their way to California to open a college there, but had met with a little misfortune and would be obliged to remain in Salt Lake City a few days. If she could afford them accommodations in her home during their stay they would greatly appreciate her kindness. They had no extra luggage, because the outfit with which they had been crossing the plains had taken fire and burned while they were hunting in the hills above the city. They had nothing but the clothes they wore.

Something in the boyish face of the young man touched the motherly heart of Sister White and she invited them into her home.

The stay of the young men in Salt Lake City was prolonged into days, weeks and months. Both found employment there and

learned to love and trust the "Mormon" people. In place of teaching in California, both young men spent the winter of 1864 and 1865 teaching in the University of Utah.

Professor Rochell was prejudiced against the "Mormon" people. In fact, he had remarked many times during his journey across the plains that he did not wish to remain in Salt Lake City over night.

Sister White was a firm Latter-day Saint and no one could live in her home without feeling the influence of the religion she professed. Having received the light herself, she was anxious to remove the veil of darkness from those with whom she came in contact, who had not yet received of its brightness. So she put forth every effort to interest her boarders in the principles of the gospel. At first they resented this, but as they became better acquainted with this noble woman, they learned to love and respect her as a mother.

One Sunday afternoon she insisted on their accompanying her to the Sacramental meeting. President Young delivered a powerful discourse. To Karl Rochell it was wonderful, for it was different from anything to which he had ever before listened. Strange that President Young should quote the passage of scripture which had made so great an impression on his mind when a child, reading at his mother's bedside:

"Thy watchman shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion."

"Let me say a few words with regard to Zion. We profess to be Zion. If we are the pure in heart we are so, for 'Zion is the pure in heart.'"

Every word of that sermon sank into the heart of Karl Rochell. He had been promised by his mother he should go to Zion, and he placed implicit confidence in her words; he was learning to trust and respect the "Mormon" people through the exemplary life of the woman in whose house he had made his home. Had he really been led to Zion? Had an unseen hand controlled the forces which had compelled him to remain in Salt Lake City? Such were the thoughts in the young man's mind as he listened to the words of the "Mormon" prophet and leader.

Again the speaker opened the Bible and read a passage of scripture which was also deeply imbedded in the memory of Karl Rochell, for it had also been discussed at the bedside of his dying mother:

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it."

Surely this was a commonwealth built in the tops of the

mountains. He had traveled far, but Utah met the prophet Isaiah's description the nearest of any place he had ever seen.

After the meeting he excused himself and left Sister White and his friend to walk home together, and took a long walk beyond the outskirts of the city. He wanted to be alone and ponder over the things he had heard.

It was late when he returned home, but Sister White had his supper waiting. As he was leaving the table she laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "Prof. Rochell," she said, "Here is my Book of Mormon. I would like you to read it."

There was the "Mormon" Bible, he took it in his hands, the old prejudice seemed to surge through his whole being.

"Joseph Smith and his golden Bible! Bah!"

Suddenly the sermon of the afternoon rang in his ears.

"We profess to be Zion. Zion is the pure in heart."

Could a people making such professions have been organized under so vile a deception? He must investigate. He would read the book. So he thanked Sister White and retired to his room.

Karl Rochell found himself confronted with the greatest problem he had ever tried to solve. Had he really found the "pearl of great price" for which he had sought all his life?

He took the book in his hands and bowed his knees before his Father in heaven and besought him for wisdom and understanding that if he had found the truth he might be able to recognize it, but that he should not be deceived by fraud.

He then sat down to read the Book of Mormon and became so interested that he read until far into the night. During the days that followed he spent all his leisure moments perusing its pages. Before he had finished reading the book, he was convinced that it was of God and that the religion, professed by the "Mormon" people was of divine origin.

Bishop Roundy was somewhat surprised the following Sunday morning when the young professor approached him and applied for baptism. After a few moments consideration he informed him that it was customary to perform baptisms on Fast day and confirm members of the Church at the Fast meeting.

"Young man," said Bishop Roundy, placing his hand on his shoulder in a fatherly way, "I would advise you to continue your investigations and as next Thursday is the Fast day, if you are still in the same frame of mind, we will then perform the ordinance."

"Suppose I should die in my sins?" queried the enthusiastic applicant.

"You are a healthy-looking young man," smilingly replied the Bishop. "I think you will live until Thursday."

So Karl Rochell waited and studied and prayed, until the following Thursday morning when he was baptized in the waters

of City Creek and at the Fast meeting confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

That night as he lay upon his bed thanking and praising the Lord for his blessings, a light seemed to enter his room, and beside his bed, stood his mother. She spoke no word, but the smile on her countenance convinced him she was pleased with what he had done. He felt that her promise had been fulfilled, and she, though in the spirit world, had been instrumental in leading him to the land of Zion.

---

## Night

*Nina Eckart Kerrick*

When the day is done,
When the night has come,
Oh! Father, I am weary,
As I sink to rest
In my little nest,
With a heart that's far from cheery.

Oh! I dread each day,
For the troubled way
Is rough, but thou wilt guide me,
Thou wilt help me through,
While I strive to do
The work thou hast laid beside me.

---

## Morning

Now I wake at morn,
And the snow adorns
The earth with its wondrous beauty;
And its magic art
Gives me strength of heart
To go on and do my duty.

I am thankful then
For the snow, and when
It bathes the earth in brightness,
May it joy renew
When the world is "blue,"
And impart to the heart its lightness.

## High, High Up in the Hills

*By Glen Perrins*

There's a tiny spot in the heart of the Wasatch range, which, if viewed from just the right angle, is one of the prettiest sights one can ever look upon.

"Climbing high, high up in the hills—watching the clouds roll by"—and then to look down, down—way down into the valley below where the people and automobiles look like small specks, how glorious!

The particular view in mind is in Ogden canyon, right above the mouth of this stream on the south side. When one reaches the top and then glances down what a sight: The water in the waterfall bouncing over the cliffs, the foam and currents of the river weaving like patterns in lace down the canyon; the massive iron bridge spanning the stream; the trees towering to rival the cliffs on the mountain sides. What a sight!

The reward of the long, difficult climb is worth while—the view below. Try, sometime, to find the exact view shown above—you'll sit for hours, gazing fascinated.

# Abraham Lincoln

*By Christie Lund*

To me Abraham Lincoln stands out as the most representative American in history. He stands for what America has stood for always, with his great heart and beautiful soul, and his clean purpose that lifted him from the humblest of homes to the most honorable position in our new world. His very simplicity and homeliness are his greatest endearments. His was a soul filled with love; love for his fellowmen, love for his country, love for the truth, and because he loved so much he was misunderstood and hurt, as all great men have been hurt and misunderstood, and yet to the end he preserved his gentleness, his kindliness, his faith. One of his best known sayings was: "After I am dead I would like to have it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a rose where I thought a rose would grow."

How beautiful, and how much it expresses the soul of the man—so greatly misunderstood and persecuted before his short-lived triumph. Ah, what a pity he did not live to know how the world bowed its head in homage or how in a body it acknowledged that he had in very deed "plucked a thistle and planted a rose."

Oh, noble soul so persecuted, you must have had a peace and conviction in your own soul that told you you were right or you could not have finished so grandly.

Superb man of the ages,
You cleanly rose alone
From an humble old log cabin,
You were proud to call your home.

Out of its obscurity
You came to play your part
And heal with gentle wisdom
Your country's breaking heart.

# Heartsease

*By Mrs. Parley Nelson*

It was a Sabbath day in early Maytime, when spring was at its best. The fragrance of apple blooms and wild hawthorn filled the air, while the voices of many feathered songsters rang out in mingled melody. Butterflies flew lazily from tree to tree, taking here a sip and there another, of the honeyed nectar from the frarant blossoms. Busy bees hummed noisely as they hurried to and fro. Field and orchard lay flooded in radiant sunshine, and it seemed that all nature was joining in a hymn of praise and gladness.

Yet there were no indications of joy or pleasure in the face of the woman who trudged wearily homeward along the dusty lane. Her usual sprightly step was slow and heavy, while her eyes gazed steadily downward, unmindful of the beauties which abounded on every side. Though bordering on middle age, Martha Shipley still retained many of the charms of her youth. A sprinkling of gray appeared among the locks of brown, but they were still thick and glossy; and though her once slender figure was beginning to incline toward plumpness, it was well formed, and full of symmetry and grace. Her voice was soft and musical, and her large, expressive eyes reflected the inward beauty of a kind and loving nature.

Wiping the dust from her perspiring face, she raised her head with a sigh of weariness. "Dear me! It is so much warmer than I expected," she said to herself, half aloud. "I do wish I had let David come for me with the car as he offered to do; but it is such a glorious morning, and I felt sure I would enjoy the walk. Strange how a few ill-timed words can arouse a whole army of unpleasant thoughts and bitter longings, had cast a dark shadow over an otherwise perfect day."

As she drew near the Shipley homestead with its comfortable farm-house, its well-kept lawns, and flowering trees, her countenance brightened visibly. Entering the gate, she sought the seclusion of a rustic bench beneath a spreading lilac bush, and while she rested, she let her gaze wander over the broad acres of fertile farm land, and back again to the cozy homestead which had sheltered herself and her husband ever since their wedding day.

"No woman ever had a dearer home or a kinder husband than I have," she mused with a tender light in her eyes. "I suppose that I have more than a fair share of blessings; and yet, the boon my heart craves most I have been denied. No doubt the Lord knows what is best for me, and usually I try to feel resigned

to my lot, but there are times when my whole soul seems smothered in envy and resentment. However, I must try to hide my heartache, for I don't want David to know I am grieving again." And having thus made confession to her own soul, she arose and went quietly into the house.

She found her husband reclining comfortably in an easy chair, surrounded by sections of the Sunday paper. He looked up with a smile and spoke a cheery word of greeting as she entered. Then he saw something in his wife's dark eyes which brought him at once to her side.

"Why, Martha, dear, what is the matter?" he questioned, putting his arms about her and leading her to his own easy chair. "I am afraid you are ill. I should have known better than to let you walk such a distance in the dust and heat. Rest here a moment while I bring you something cool to drink. Then you had better lie down."

When David returned, he found his wife sobbing bitterly. His tender, kindly words had opened the flood-gates of her soul, and the tears would not be stayed. Taking her in his arms, he tried to soothe and comfort her. "What is it, dearest?" he enquired anxiously. "You must tell me what has happened to upset you so."

Controlling herself with a strong effort, she smiled at David through her tears. "Don't be alarmed, David," she said gently. "I assure you nothing serious has happened—in fact, nothing at all except my own super-sensitive nature getting wounded again. I am ashamed of myself for making "much ado about nothing" Let us forget it, and I will get your dinner for you now. I expect my boy is nearly starved." But David insisted that she make a clean breast of her troubles.

"Well, to-day as you know is mother's day—a day which somehow holds a peculiar fascination for me. As I knew that special excercises were to be held in the ward chapel, I resolved to go. The program was beautiful and inspiring. The tributes paid to Motherhood were glorious and sincere. I lived again in memory, the few brief years of companionship with my own dear mother; and my heart rejoiced that I had never willfully caused her disappointment or sorrow. At the close of the services, a number of little, white-clad fairies marched down the aisle of the chapel and presented a carnation to each woman in the group where I was sitting. A dainty little lady thrust a flower into my hand, for which I thanked her with a word and a smile.

"Observing this, Alice Denby, who was sitting just behind me, leaned over and remarked in a distinctly audible whisper. 'That carnation wasn't meant for you, Martha. Only Mothers are given flowers today.' That was all, David, but these words and

the way she said them went to my heart like a keen-edged sword. You see, I had unintentionally seated myself among the mothers, who were the honored guests of the occasion."

"Yes, I see," said David grimly, "Alice Denby saw a chance to give you a thrust in a tender spot, and couldn't resist the temptation to do so. And how did you answer her, Martha?"

"I did a very foolish thing, I suppose, David. I arose quietly, thrust the carnation in Alice's hand and said, 'I don't want anything that isn't mine by right, Alice.' Then I hurriedly left the church.

"No one knows but you, David, with what intensity my heart has yearned for children. To me, the dearest thing in all the world is a little child. I have never envied other women their beauty, their talents, their worldly possessions—no, nor their life's companions either, David—" and she gave him a tender smile—"but whenever I see a mother with a babe at her breast, my heart cries out for such a treasure, and I always wonder if that woman appreciates fully the blessedness of her lot. Take Alice Denby for instance. I happen to know that her children have not all been wanted, I happen to know that she is falling far short of what a real mother ought to be to growing boys and girls. And yet, the world bows down in homage to her and many like her. Well, let it. I do not object, but why sneer at women like me, whose hearts are aching with mother love and longing that can never be appeased. David, why is it that Life has with held from us its sweetest experience? Though I do manage as a rule to keep my discontent beneath the surface, there are times when I really cannot 'Grin and bear it.' Things like this today hurt me, David, and I cannot forget them."

"I wouldn't let anything Alice Denby said hurt me, Martha. Why you are worth a whole pasture full of women like her. She has a house, but not a home. Her children spend most of their time on the streets, and her husband dreads to enter the door. I know it is a hard trial for you, honey, but we must try to remember that 'Every life must have its burden, Every heart, its load.' I don't suppose there is an individual in the whole world without some unfulfilled desire. You believe that, don't you dear?"

"Yes, David, I suppose you are right as you always are. You are such a comfort, dearest, and at least in the matter of a husband, my heart is completely satisfied.

That evening as David and Martha sat in the shadow of their vine-covered porch enjoying the golden sunset, they were surprised to see two children approaching. One was a lanky lad of perhaps eleven summers, his companion a little girl of about nine years in whose chubby hand was clasped a bunch of purple

pansy blossoms. Midway between the gate and the house, they paused in seeming consultation.

"Are you sure this is the right place Jennie?" inquired the lad anxiously. "I'm afraid to go in here."

"O yes, this is the right place, for I watched her all the way, and I'm sure there is nothing to be afraid of. She has the kindest and most beautiful eyes. O brother, she looks so much like our own dear mother, that I just wanted to cry when I looked at her. You should have seen her face this morning when that other woman took her flower away. She did feel so bad. I'm going to give her these flowers even if I have to go in alone."

"Well, come on then, but you needn't be surprised if you get turned down flat, for most women don't like strange kids as I happen to know."

The Shipleys had been unobserved listeners to the foregoing dialogue. They exchanged wondering glances, and as the visitors drew nearer, Martha rose and went to meet them. Extending a hand to each she said cordially, "How do you do, my dears. Although I don't know your names, I am very glad to have you call. Come in and rest on the porch. Mr. Shipley and I have just been admiring the beautiful sunset."

In a few moments Martha's womanly tact and motherly sympathy had completely banished the children's shy embarrassment and they were soon quietly explaining their errand. Martha learned that their names were Jack and Jennie Moreland, that their parents were both dead, and that they lived with their aged grandparents in a cottage on an adjoining farm, also that there was a baby sister whose name was Hope.

Jennie explained that it was she who had presented the carnations during the Mother's Day program, and had observed and resented the other woman's interference. Instinctively she had determined to follow at a distance and learn where the pretty lady lived to give her a flower of her own. Unable to procure a carnation, she had gathered a bunch of purple pansies which she timidly presented and asked the kind lady to please take them with her love.

Never in her whole life had Martha Shipley been so deeply touched. Putting an arm around each child, she drew them to her and kissed them with a great overwhelming tenderness. "You blessed darlings!" she cried. "Why I never was so happy in all my life, and these lovely flowers! I shall keep them always as mementoes of your loving thoughtfulness. Heartsease is the old-fashioned name for them, and heaven only knows how much they deserve that name today. David, aren't they just wonderful? The flowers and the children too, I mean," and Martha raised her

eyes to her husband's face just in time to see him wipe away a tear.

That night when they were about to retire, Martha said to her husband, "Do you know what I would like to do, David?"

"Perhaps I can guess, my dear; but were you thinking of adopting the grandparents too?"

"O David, you darling! Would you let me do that too? I should love it, of all things, if they are willing."

"Well, inasmuch as their little home is mortgaged and about to be foreclosed, I shouldn't wonder if they would consent to be adopted by you. The old gentleman is an expert gardener. I will take him into partnership, and the grandmother will be a splendid companion and great help to you. I am sure we can make them comfortable and happy, but what in the world will you do with three children?"

"Just you wait and see, my dear. And I have just been thinking, David, that perhaps God left us childless that our hearts might reach out to these forsaken little ones in their time of need. I feel sure that at last I am going to learn the meaning of true happiness."

---

## Leadership Week at the Brigham Young University

Leadership Week at the Brigham Young University was well attended by Relief Society workers from many stakes. The addresses by Mrs. Electa Smoot Dixon, Mrs. Jennie B. Knight and Miss Genevieve Thornton were very much appreciated by all who came to listen. The auditors appreciated the fact that the suggestions made were of a practical nature, designed to help them solve the social problems that they are meeting day by day in their Relief Society work.

# Notes from the Field

*Amy Brown Lyman*

*Northwestern States Mission.*

Excellent Relief Society conferences were held in the mission during October. In the Portland branch the four societies, namely, Arleta, North Portland, Portland Central, and St. Johns, combined and held their conference in the Portland chapel. The hall was beautifully decorated with many varieties of dahlias—evidences of the value of the work suggested through the visiting teachers' topic. The solo, lessons and talks were all given by members of the organization. A Relief Society chorus was trained by the branch chorister, and was very much enjoyed. Relief Society officers greeted the people as they entered the building and also acted as ushers. At the close of the services the flowers were sent to homes of the sick.

Allendale, Montana, has a membership of 14 women, who planned recently to entertain the neighboring towns of Hall and Drummond. A very fine program was rendered which included a talk on the Book of Mormon by one of the members. There were 65 present, 10 of whom were Catholic women and about 40 Methodist women, and also a Methodist minister. Luncheon was served after the program. As a result of the meeting twelve Books of Mormon were sold. The visitors expressed themselves as being happy and were pleased to learn, through members of the Church, of the Book of Mormon and the beliefs of the Latter-day Saints.

*North Sevier Stake.*

This stake gave to each of its wards a subscription to the *Relief Society Magazine* for 1928, as a reward of merit for the excellent work done by them in the Civic Pride Campaign.

*St. Johns Stake.*

Mrs. Ethel F. Whiting, 1st counselor in the Relief Society stake presidency, was elected to the School Board of her district on October 29, 1927.

*Minidoka Stake.* (Outline for Work and Business Meetings.)

1:50 p. m. prayer meeting; 2:00 p. m. announcements, singing, roll call (answer roll call by number of chapters of scripture read); 2:15 p. m. work group under direction of work committee, all work previously planned; 2:15 p. m. teachers march to an adjoining room where the teachers' topic is given by the supervisor, as they leave they place reports on the desk in charge of

ward president and secretary; 2:30 p. m. teachers join work group; 3:30 p. m. refreshments, (optional), benediction.

## IN MEMORIAM

*Grant Stake.*

Mrs. May McAllister Silver, beloved president of the Grant stake Relief Society, departed this life very suddenly on October 6, 1927. The sudden passing of Mrs. Silver was indeed a shock to those who knew and loved her. She had endeared herself to many, but particularly to Grant stake, where her loss will be keenly felt. Born and reared in Utah's Dixie, Mrs. Silver early partook of the influence of spirituality and sweet simplicity so typical of that environment. She had the inherent dignity and executive ability of her splendid father, John D. T. McAllister, and the sweet, patient, enduring qualities of her mother, Matilda C. Nielson McAllister. When, in 1877, Brigham Young called John D. T. McAllister to assume the presidency of the St. George temple, President McAllister took with him his wife Matilda, and like other noble women of that time, she endured, without a murmur, the hardships incident to the settlement of that country. The little house still stands across the street from the temple, where they lived. Mrs. Silver, then May McAllister, was married to Hyrum A. Silver, when but a girl of 18, and became a devoted mother to his 5 motherless children. Eight children were born to her, and for many years the major portion of her time was devoted to these children. She always found time, however, to give service to her Church.

Mrs. Silver was first a Relief Society stake aid, and afterwards stake treasurer. Her horse and buggy were always at the disposal of the board when she drove around from ward to ward in the old limits of Granite stake. Later her automobile replaced the horse and buggy. When Granite stake was re-organized in 1912, she continued in the capacity of stake treasurer until 1921, when she became second counselor in the stake. When the Grant stake was organized in 1924, Mrs. Silver was chosen president, and served in that capacity up to the time of her death. She was a progressive, forward-looking leader, and a diligent and faithful Relief Society worker, and a devoted Latter-day Saint.

Mrs. Silver is mourned by her entire community. Her sweet congeniality and deep sympathy, particularly for those in distress, were an inspiration to all who knew her. She went about as an angel of mercy, giving freely of her time, her means, and her energy for those in need. As an executive and presiding officer Mrs. Silver was dignified and powerful, and conducted her work with ability and dispatch. The Grant stake stands out as a stake where spirituality is employed and where progress is the watchword.

The Grant stake was reorganized on November 12, 1927, with the following officers: president, Mrs. Winnifred B. Daynes; counselors, Mrs. Amy E. Neff and Mrs. Marie H. Tanner; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Sarah T. South.

*Weber Stake.*

The Weber stake was called upon recently to part with its greatly beloved and honored president Mrs. Aggie H. Stevens, who passed to the great beyond, November 20, 1927. Mrs. Stevens was a woman of education, refinement, and personal charm. She possessed great capabilities and talents. She was an excellent and impressive public speaker, and an earnest, untiring worker. In 1920 when the General Board asked each stake to send a delegate to the Brigham Young University to take an extension course in social service to cover a period of 6 weeks, Mrs. Stevens herself entered the class and passed the final examinations with an "A" grade. She was a natural leader and a progressive leader, and her stake was always found to be forward-looking and in excellent condition. For her ability and power for good, for her fine example as a mother and true Latter-day Saint, and for her kindness, gentleness, sympathy and service, she was loved and is mourned by all who knew her.

On December 18, 1927, the Weber stake was reorganized with the following officers: president, Mrs. Marianne Browning; counselors, Mrs. Ellen H. Tanner and Mrs. Charlotte Jacobs; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Dora B. Peterson.

## REORGANIZATIONS

*Idaho Stake.*

The Idaho stake Relief Society was reorganized October 29, 1927. Mrs. Delia Lechtenberg and her co-workers were honorably released with appreciation for the service they have rendered the organization, and the following new officers were sustained: president, Mrs. Alta Childs; counselors, Mrs. Louise Horsley and Mrs. Ann Rigby; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Jane Banks; assistant secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Sarah M. Banks.

## CONVENTIONS AND CONFERENCES

General Board members visited Relief Society stake conventions and conferences, which were held in the stakes, during 1927, as follows:

Alberta—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Alpine—Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine, Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Bannock—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Bear Lake—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Bear River—Mrs. Barbara H. Richards.
Beaver—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Benson—Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.
Big Horn—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Blackfoot—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Blaine—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Boise—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Box Elder—Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Burley—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.

Cache—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion, Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
Carbon—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Cassia—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Cottonwood—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith, Mrs. Ida P. Beal.
Curlew—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Deseret—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Duchesne—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
East Jordan—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter, Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Emery—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Ensign—Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
Franklin—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Fremont—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Garfield—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Granite—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter, Mrs. Ida P. Beal.
Grant—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter, Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.
Gunnison—Mrs. Ida P. Beal.
Hollywood—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Hyrum—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Idaho—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
Idaho Falls—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Juab—Mrs. Ida P. Beal.
Juarez—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Kanab—Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
Kolob—Miss Alice L. Reynolds, Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
Lethbridge—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Liberty—Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Logan—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter, Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Los Angeles—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Lost River—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Lyman—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
Malad—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Maricopa—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Millard—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Minidoka—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Moapa—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Montpelier—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
Morgan—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
Mt. Ogden—Miss Sarah M. McLelland, Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
Nebo—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Nevada—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
No. Davis—Mrs. Julia A. Child, Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
No. Sanpete—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
No. Sevier—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
No. Weber—Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter, Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Ogden—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Oneida—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
Oquirrh—Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
Palmyra—Miss Alice L. Reynolds, Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
Panguitch—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Parowan—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Pioneer—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter.
Pocatello—Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.
Portneuf—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Raft River—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
Rigby—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
Roosevelt—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
St. George—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
St. Johns—Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.
St. Joseph—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
Salt Lake—Mrs. Amy W. Evans, Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
San Francisco—Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
San Juan—Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
San Luis—Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
Sevier—Mrs. Ida P. Beal.
Shelley—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Snowflake—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
So. Davis—Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
So. Sanpete—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
So. Sevier—Mrs. Ida P. Beal.
Star Valley—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Summit—Mrs. Ida P. Beal.
Taylor—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Teton—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Tintic—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Tooele—Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Twin Falls—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Uintah—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Union—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Utah—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Wasatch—Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
Wayne—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Weber—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith, Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.
West Jordan—Mrs. Julia A. Child, Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Woodruff—Mrs. Ida P. Beal.
Yellowstone—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Young—Mrs. Inez K. Allen.

# Guide Lessons for April

## LESSON I

## Theology and Testimony

(First Week in April)

### THE DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES

*More Modern Miracles*

A miracle is an event which cannot be brought about by man or by mortal means. It is an occurrence in which the super-mortal takes part.

The "'opening event," or first vision work, was a miracle in which two super-mortal and one mortal being took part. The discovery and securing possession of the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated was a miracle in which one mortal and one super-mortal being operated. Neither of these events could have started without divine sanction, divine agency, and divine power, and any one of them would have been stopped short of completion by the withdrawal of divine support.

Gifts from God through the forces of earth, nature, or through the laws of sociological evolution or mechanical inventions, are not miracles in a theological sense.

"Mormonism" so called, as a religion, is a miracle, not an ecclesiastical evolution, but a revelation, a direct gift from God, the gospel restored by its author.

The first great miracle was of short duration. The second was first an all-night event, with but momentary interests, then parts of a day, and then four periods with intervals of a year between. And now we come to the consideration of a miracle that extended into months of activity in which at least two super-mortal and several mortal agents took part.

*The Translation of the Plates.*

*The Translator: Joseph Smith, the Seer.*

1. The fact that he was chosen for the work marked him as one of the "noble spirits"—his standing among men marked him as a leader—and though his philosophy was a revelation rather than the result of meditation, his acceptance of the great truths, and his ability to apply them, give proof of his high grade mentality.

2. *He was honest.* A religious imposter might receive a revelation of rebuke, but he would hardly publish it to the world, as Joseph Smith did. (See Doc. and Cov. section 3.)

3. *He was inspired.* When inspiration ceased the translation stopped. That Joseph was more than man during the work of the translation is evident. His power to translate was supplemental to the man, it was a gift from God, just as the instruments of translation were a loan from the angel who was the permanent custodian of them and the plates. (See Doc. and Cov 3:11-14; 10:1, 2, 3.)

### *The Instrument of Translation*

*The Urim and Thummim.* "A curious instrument which the ancients called Urim and Thummim which consisted of two transparent stones set in the rim of a bow, fastened to a breast plate." Joseph Smith in a letter (see *History of the Church,* vol. 1, p. 535.)

The words "Urim and Thummim" are said to mean light and perfection. The home of God is a Urim and Thummim, the earth will become a Urim and Thummim, and one of the blessings of the celestial glory is an individual Urim and Thummim. (See Doc. and Cov. 130:7-11.)

The Urim and Thummim was evidently in use before the Abrahamic dispensation, as the Brother of Jared had one given to him. (Ether 3:22.) This instrument of interpretation was used by the Nephites (see Ether 4:5.) But the instrument used by Joseph the Seer was the one used by the Brother of Jared in fulfilment of a prophecy recorded in Ether 3:24. The Urim and Thummim was an instrument by which the mind and the will of the Lord was sought in ancient Israel. (See I Samuel 28: 3-7.)

The interpreter used by Joseph was returned to Moroni. (See *History of the Church,* vol. 1, p. 18.)

The translation was begun by the Seer alone, then Martin Harris became scribe for the Prophet and wrote one hundred and sixteen pages of manuscript, which, in the opinion of Elder Sjodahl, would equal not more than fifty printed pages, or the untranslated contents of four of the plates. These one hundred and sixteen pages of manuscript fell into the hands of enemies, and because of this error the angel Moroni took the plates and the instrument of interpretation into his own custody for a brief period and then restored them to Joseph. (See *History of the Church,* vol. 1, pages 21-23.)

This ended the *first* period of the work of translation.

The second period begins with Joseph fully reinstated before the Lord and with a new scribe, Oliver Cowdery, and new instructions concerning what to translate.

Instead of retranslating that part of the abridgment made by Mormon, contained in the lost manuscript, he made a translation direct from the plates of Nephi which Mormon had abridged. This direct translation covered the history of the Nephites from

the time they left Jerusalem up until the time of King Benjamin, and so we have in the Book of Mormon a more detailed history of that period than we should have had, if the manuscript had not been lost. Instead of the 45 or 50 pages of matter contained in the lost manuscript of 116 pages, we have 132 pages of printed matter. The translation with Oliver Cowdery as scribe began April 7, 1829, and was completed July 1, 1829—eighty-five days—a miracle of months, a work that could not have been done by human agency alone. (*Church History*, vol. 1, page 32: *Introduction to the Study of the Book of Mormon*, by J. M. Sjodahl, page 24.)

There have been fifteen translations of the Book of Mormon that were not miracles and yet each contributed to the making of the Book fill its prophetic destiny as a message to all "nations, kindred, tongues and peoples."

These translations or versions are the Danish, French, Italian, German, Welsh, Hawaiian, Swedish, Spanish, Maori, Dutch, Samoan, Tahitian, Turkish, Japanese, Hebrew.

### *Questions and Problems*

1. What is the one outstanding characteristic of a miracle?
2. Why is the radio not a miracle theologically?
3. Wherein was the first vision a miracle?
4. Over how much time did the miracle of translation of the plates extend?
5. Discuss the proposition: The acceptance and application of revealed truth is a mark of high intelligence.
6. What instance in the translation gives proof of the honesty and courage of Joseph Smith?
7. What books in the Book of Mormon are not a translation of the Book of Mormon plates or the plates containing Mormon's abridgement?
8. How many pages longer is the Book of Mormon than it would have been if the Harris manuscript had not been lost?
9. How many days were occupied in the divinely directed translation?
10. Why cannot the translation of the Book of Mormon into other languages be called miracles?
11. Name the languages into which the Book of Mormon has been translated.
12. Where did Abraham get the Urim and Thummim, and what did he see through the instrument. (Pearl of Great Price, Book of Abraham, chapter 3.)

LESSON II

## Word and Business

(Second Week in April)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR APRIL—HOME

*Cooperation in the Home in Work Habits*

"Successful cooperation bespeaks a high grade of social order, inasmuch as each of the cooperators must unfold specific activities within precise limits, and the results therefrom are enjoyed or shared according to some recognized principle."—*Ross.*

I. Home should be a well regulated institution.
   a. Definite schedule (within reason) should be made and followed.

II. Children's part in household tasks.
   a. Each member in family should be given work responsibilities according to his capacity.
      1. Growing children should not be overburdened.
      2. Small children should not be given too great responsibilities such as:
         Leaving smaller ones in their care while parents are absent, endangering the children's lives by fire, accidents, etc.
   b. Over-indulgence on part of parent in withholding household tasks detrimental to growth and development.
   c. Efficiency in accomplishing tasks should be required.

III. Parents should observe special traits and capabilities of children, with a view to training for a vocation or profession.

LESSON III

## Literature

(Third Week in April)

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

In this age, which has been characterized time and again as the child's age, it would seem unpardonable to present a course in modern poetry without devoting at least one lesson to poetry for children. Today the reputation of some of our modern writers depends largely on their output of children's verse. Even Louis Untermeyer has turned into that field, while the verse for children written by Christina Rosetti is pretty generally known. In this lesson we shall present the child's poetry of Robert Louis Stevenson.

When we think of the long struggle with ill health, which Robert Louis Stevenson had during his productive period, we are reminded of another great Scotch writer, Sir Walter Scott, the difference being that Robert Louis Stevenson's ill health covered a much longer period than that of Sir Walter Scott. When we think of his burial we call to mind the American writer, Joaquin Miller, whose ashes were also placed on a promontory overlooking the Pacific Ocean, the difference in this case being that Robert Louis Stevenson was buried on one side of the Pacific and Joaquin Miller on the other.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in the cultural center of Scotland, Edinburgh, at Number 8 Howard Place, on the 13th of November, 1850. It was our pleasure while visiting Edinburgh to mark the spot in a tour of the city. He was the son of Thomas Stevenson and Margaret Isabella Balfour. Even as an infant he was very fragile. In 1858, he barely escaped death by gastric fever. He went to school mainly from 1858 to 1867. His ill health prevented very steady application. His mother once said that "his teachers liked talking to him much better than teaching him." He often went on trips with his father, who was an engineer. It appears to have been the desire of the family that Robert Louis, too, should be an engineer, but fate seemed to have decreed otherwise, for at the age of six this boy showed a disposition to write. He did enjoy the outdoor business of the engineer's life but the strain on his physical endurance was altogether too much, so that in 1871 he reluctantly changed to law. He was called to the bar in 1875. Two years earlier he first met Mr. Sidney Colvin who proved to be a close friend throughout his life. He traveled in Europe and then went back to Scotland where he was doing a good deal of writing in the year 1881. Among the books of this period was *Treasure Island* which Mr. Untermeyer has called "that

eternal classic of youth." In 1882 appeared *Familiar Studies of Men and Books,* and *New Arabian Knights.* In January, 1884, his ambitious plans for intense and continuous writing were interfered with by the most serious illness from which he had yet suffered. Again he neared death. As a result the attack was followed "by long prostration and incapacity for work and by continued relapses." In August, 1887, his home was at Bournemouth. In 1885 he published, after long indecision, *The Body Snatchers* and the romance, *Prince Otto,* and *A Child's Garden of Verses.* Early in 1886 he presented the English public with the somewhat freakish story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* This novel, in connection with *Treasure Island,* proved exceedingly popular. The same year he wrote *Kidnapped,* at Bournemouth, an English watering place.

His poor health continued. The last four years of his life were spent at Samoa. He made his abode at Vailinia "where he took a small barrack of a wooden box 500 feet above the sea and began to build himself a large house close by. The natives gave him the name of Tusitala. His character developed unanticipated strength on the practical side. He became a vigorous employer of labor, an active planter, above all a powerful and benignant island chieftain. He gathered by degrees around him a kind of feudal clan of servants and retainers and he plunged with more generous ardor than coolness of judgment into the troubled politics of the country.

"Through 1894, he was engaged in composing two romances, neither of which were finished at his death. He was dictating *Weir Hermiston* on the very day that he died, which was the 3rd of December, 1894. He was talking in a cheerful manner on the veranda of his house at Vailinia when he had a stroke of apoplexy from which he never recovered, death occurring that evening. Next day sixty Samoans of athletic build, who acknowledged Stevenson as their chief, carried him to the peak Vaea, where he had wished to be buried and where they consigned him to rest in hearing of the roar of the great Pacific Ocean."

Many people in this country have listened to David Starr Jordan tell of the days when he knew Stevenson on the Samoan Islands. His report is the usual one that Stevenson was a man of very exceptional charm. "That he was the most attractive figure of the men of letters of his generation is admitted, and the acknowledged fascination of his character was deepened and was extended over an extremely wide circle of readers by the publication, in 1899, of *His Letters* which has subdued even those who were rebellious of the entertainment of his books. It is, therefore, from the point of view of his 'charm' that the genius of Stevenson must be approached. In this respect there was between himself and his books, his manner and his style, his practice and his theory a very unusual harmony. Very few authors of so high a class have

been so sustained, or have made their conduct so close a reflection of their philosophy. This unity of the man and his work makes it difficult, for one who knew him, to be sure that one greatly gauges the purely literary significance of the latter. There are some living who still hear in every page of Stevenson's the voice of the man himself, and see in every turn of his language his flashing smile."

We are interested particularly in this lesson in *A Child's Garden of Verse*. It is, says Louis Untermeyer, "Second only to Mother Goose's own collection in its lyrical simplicity and universal appeal."

The poem "My Shadow" is characteristic. One can see how completely Stevenson has entered into the child-life thinking of things about him as a child might, and betraying that sympathy with all natural objects that the child often portrays:

## MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stands so close beside me, he's a coward you can see:
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

Everybody knows that children love animals. As an example of Robert Louis Stevenson's recognition of this fact we include "The Cow":

## THE COW

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
  And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
  The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
  And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
  And eats the meadow flowers.

"Good and Bad Children," has both the modern and the ancient ring. It is modern in that it touches good health habits and has something to say about diet. It is of the past because it emphasizes particularly the value of good morals and the sorrow that comes to those whose morals are bad:

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story.

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

The poem called "Foreign Children" has a point of view that has been nursed very carefully by European and American children for many ages. It will be interesting, as time goes on, to find a poem that is a little broader and little more sympathetic in its outlook. However, this has an interesting point of view:

## FOREIGN CHILDREN

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanese,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanese,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

The little couplet called "Happy Thought" is worth including at this point:

## HAPPY THOUGHT

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

We are including as the last poem of Robert Louis Stevenson the noted Requiem that is found on his headstone.

## REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

*Questions and Problems*

1. Do you know of children who have been particularly interested in their shadows? Try to call to mind some things they have said about them.
2. What good health rules do you discover in "Good and Bad Children?"
3. Name some of the things that should make children happy as kings.
4. This is a time when personality is very generally discussed. What are your conclusions in relation to the personality of Robert Louis Stevenson.
5. How many members of the class have read *Treasure Island?* What is there about it that makes it so fascinating to your readers?
6. Name as many outstanding Scotch writers as you can call to mind.
7. Do you agree with Louis Untermeyer that Stevenson makes an approach to "Mother Goose," in his children's verses?
8. Call to mind other writers whose contribution is intended primarily for children.

## LESSON IV

## Social Service

(Fourth Week in April)

### THE CHILD—STUDY COURSE

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE INTELLECT IN CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

Based on chapter 4 of *The Child: His Nature and His Needs.*

In Part One of our text we are considering the different phases of the child's growing personality—his instincts, his active nature, his intellect, his moral and social traits, and his mastery of the arts of expression.

The last lesson, it will be recalled, had to do with the child's active nature and needs, the main point being that, since the normal child is active, the chief job of the parent is to wisely guide this activity.

We shall not consider the growth of the child's intellect. To help us here we have Chapter IV written by Dr. Walter F. Dearborn, professor of Education at Harvard University; a very reliable authority.

### A.—What is Intelligence?

Intelligence is difficult to define because it can never be detached from a lot of other personality traits which are closely related and which overlap it.

The following, however, are samples of the definitions of intelligence attempted by a number of leading psychologists:

1. "The ability to learn." (*Pintner.*)
2. "General intelligence is the ability of the organism to adjust itself adequately to new situations." (*Stern.*)
3. "Intellect in general is the power of good responses from the point of view of truth or fact." (*Thorndike.*)

It is interesting in this connection to note the very remarkable reference to intelligence made by the Prophet Joseph Smith:

1. "The glory of God is intelligence - - - -"
2. "Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be."

#### *Questions*

1. Can intelligence be acquired, or is it part of the child's equipment at birth?
2. What has the brain to do with intelligence?
3. What is the difference between intelligence and knowledge?
4. Where and under what circumstances did the Prophet Joseph make the above statements with respect to intelligence?

### B.—How Can We Tell How Intelligent A Child Is?
### (Pages 73-79)

If one were asked to roughly estimate, without the aid of a test, the intelligence of a child, one would undoubtedly interview the child, cross-examine him, and observe his reactions generally.

This common-sense method of appraising a child's intellect was used by the teachers in Paris when Alfred Binet started to experiment with intelligence tests. The intelligence test which Messrs. Binet and Simon devised is nothing more nor less than a refinement of this common-sense procedure.

The chief difference being that the questions, instead of being asked at random, are standardized for the different ages. When these questions were made uniform it then became possible to compare the answers and responses of one child with those of other children. This is the genius of the intelligence test.

The term "Mental Age" is used to indicate concretely the child's general level of intelligence. Thus, if Alice, 10 years of age, displays intelligence like that of the average eight-year-old

child, we say that Alice has a mental age of 8 years. The I. Q. or "Intelligence Quotient" represents merely the relationship of the child's mental age (M. A.) to his chronological age (C. A.) Thus, in the examples cited, Alice would have an I. Q. of .80, which is arrived at as follows:

10.00 (C. A.) 8.00 (M. A.)
.80 (I. Q.)

*Questions*

1. What is distinctive about the intelligence test of Binet and Simon?
2. What has been the effect of their work?
3. What other ways of testing and measuring intelligence do you know about?

C.—Where Do The Intelligence Tests Fall Down?
(Pages 79-82)

There has been a great deal of criticism of the various intelligence tests because it is said they do not accurately measure intelligence. In the first place, it is contended that native intelligence cannot be tested apart from learning. That is to say, the intelligence test of necessity measures knowledge, experience, and learning, as well as capacity. Secondly, the child's facility or lack of facility with language enters into the test to a great extent. Thirdly, that the personality of the tester, the conditions under which the test is given, and the physical and emotional state of the person being tested, affect the results very materially. Fourthly, that most intelligence tests fail to discover and measure the nature and extent of unusual intellectual powers.

Granted these criticisms and others, the fact remains that intelligence testing has come to be a most helpful method of comparing and classifying persons for educational and vocational purposes.

It is axiomatic in the field of mental testing that the results of intelligence tests should, in individual cases especially, be accepted tentatively and interpreted very cautiously.

*Questions*

1. What other values and limitations can you see in intelligence testing, as it is now practiced?
2. What kind of training is necessary to administer and to interpret intelligence tests?
3. What dangers lurk in the careless and unprofessional use of intelligence tests and test results?

### D.—Mental and Physical Growth
(Pages 83-88)

One of the most important and at the same time difficult problems is the inter-relationship of mental and physical development. The author's discussion of this topic is an excellent bit of work; it should be read carefully and with the following questions in mind:

1. Does the intellect develop at the same rate and for as long a period as the body? How is this to be explained?
2. What is the difference between the intellectual development of the inferior and the superior child. (Examine the chart on page 82, noting carefully the differences in the 3 curves.)
3. What is the author's theory as to why prodigies often "peter out" in later years?
4. How do you harmonize the author's statement that "The intelligence quotient tends to remain constant during the greater part of the period of growth?" (page 83.) With the actual facts in the cases cited? (pages 86-87.)

---

## Life's Sunset

*By Ida R. Alldredge*

There are days all bright and sunny
With never a cloud o'er head,
When the birds so sweetly warble
In the trees just over head;
When the world is full of beauty,
And the heart is full of joy;
Those, the happy carefree hours
Of every girl and boy.

There are days when clouds and sunshine
Make a checkered path to tread,
Or shadows dark are lurking
In the trail that's just ahead,
Or it might be lined with flowers
Of some rare exquisite hue;
Those the days when duty waits us,
And bring joy and sorrow too.

Then the peaceful evening follows,
When the sun sinks in the west;
'Tis the sunset's rosy glowing,
And the time we love the best;
When it glows in gorgeous splendor,
Casts its light o'er hill and plain,
Golden tinted clouds and silver
Blend with mellow shades again.

So the sunset on life's pathway
Should shine too with radiant light,
Making rich the lives of others
Who are struggling to the heights,
Giving out their rich experience
To help others find the way;
'Tis the peaceful benediction
To a long and well spent day.

# Free Seed Guide Book

FOR 1928 NOW READY

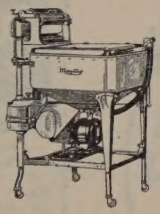
You will find nothing of greater help in your garden and Orchard planting than *P-W's New Seed and Nursery Book.* It contains 100 pages of concise well-illustrated information of vital interest to Every Home Owner.

Its Free—Call, Phone or Write

## PORTER-WALTON CO.

42 West 1st South Street
Salt Lake City

## *Do This! Wash with the*



## *Maytag at Home*

Then you'll know how clean clothes can be washed—how easily and quickly they can be done, and it costs you nothing to make the test—not even a promise to buy.

See big tubfuls washed immaculately clean in 3 to 7 minutes. See a big pile of clothes—50 pounds (dryweight)—washed in one short hour.

See collars and cuffs washed edge-dirt free, without hand-rubbing.

*If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it.*

## MAYTAG INTERMOUNTAIN CO.

*Distributors*

215 SOUTH STATE — SALT LAKE CITY

Maytag
Aluminum Washer

*When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine*

# Special Sale of VANITY Full Fashioned Hosiery

42 GUAGE, OF FINEST SILK

An all over silk chiffon stocking—a real $1.95 value at the special price of $1.59. Box of three pair $4.55.

Extra heavy service weight, silk to welt. Mercerized heel and toe. A real value at $1.95, special price of $1.59, a box of three pair $4.55.

A semi-chiffon stocking, silk to welt. Mercerized heel and toe. A real value at $1.85, special price $1.49. box of three pair $4.25.

All new goods. All the new shades.

Mail orders filled.

On sale.

## Glazier & Taylor Hosiery Co.

33 East Broadway

## VANITY HOSIERY SHOPPE

22 East Broadway

## The Reliable

1253 SOUTH 9th EAST

L. D. S. GARMENTS

**Buy our Pre-Shrunk Garments They Wear the Longest and Fit the Best**

| No. | | L. N. S. | O. S. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 54 | Bleached med. cotton | $1.75 | $1.90 |
| 56 | Unbleach. med. cotton | 1.75 | 1.90 |
| 58 | Unbleach. hvy. cotton | | 2.25 |
| 64 | Fine Lisle | 1.75 | 2.00 |
| 104 | Fine Rayon Silk | 5.00 | |

**Samples Sent on Request**

# Merit Bread

*Best Quality and Full Weight*

Utah Products Used Exclusively In Our Bakery

# STOP!

# THINK

IT PAYS TO BE PROTECTED!

**$18,391.36 Paid to Date**

$15,000.00 in Death Claims; $3,010.10 in Disability Claims

**$7,500.00** Travel and Pedestrian Accident Policy — One Year for **$1.00**

We offer to old and new subscribers this unusual protection. Accidents happen every day. For your own protection and the protection of your family Insure today. Now is the time to renew policy taken out a year ago. Certain benefits, if policy is renewed before lapsing, carry a 10 per cent increase.

The Deseret News

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

# Good Books Are Guides To Health and Happiness

Come in and look over the books by your favorite authors and we are sure you will find something to interest you.

*"A Good Book Makes the Best Gift"*

## Deseret Book Company

44 East on South Temple

MRS ANNIE M JOHANSON
SILVER CITY UTAH
P DEC

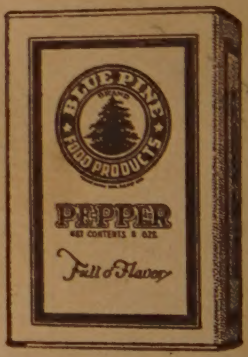
Scowcroft's

# Blue Pine
AND
# KITCHEN KING
FOOD PRODUCTS

*Full O' Flavor*

SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

*Extracts*
*Walnuts*
*Spices*
*Olive Oil*
*Bottled Vinegar*



The season for pastry, cakes and candy is at hand—*Blue Pine* food products are guaranteed to please you or your money back

Say BLUE PINE To Your Grocer